**Wilbur Mills' Noncandidacy** *Paul R. Wieck*

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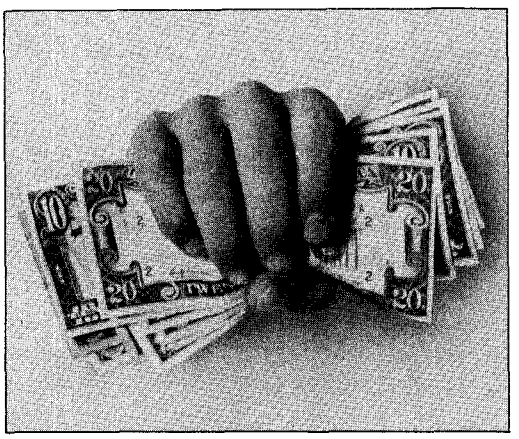

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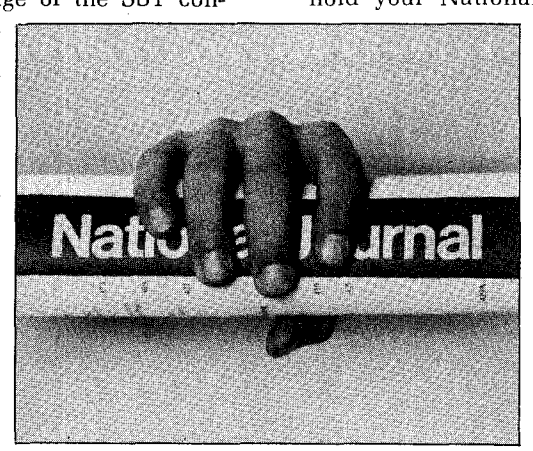

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# TRB

from Washington ®

## Gun Toting

A couple of reporters went over to the suburban home of Chief Justice Burger the other night to insure coverage in case the Justice Department called on him with a late-hour appeal over the Pentagon papers. When the reporters rang at 11 p.m., according to *Newsweek*, the handsome jurist answered the door personally, in a bathrobe, carrying a long-barreled revolver.

The Chief Justice of the United States answering his doorbell with a gun somehow typifies for us the law-and-order issue in America today. It goes right down from Justice Burger to the mother cowering behind her door in the city ghetto. This nation is scared.

"Gun control is at the top of every poll you see," Senator Kennedy said the other day. "It's at the top of every housewife's fears who walks the streets of the city of Boston, and people are absolutely terrified."

Former New Haven Police Chief Ahern, a member of the Scranton Commission, said recently, "Not only blacks, Puerto Ricans, Chicanos and young people but even governors and congressmen believe their privacy is being violated, their telephone conversations monitored and their daily activities observed."

And Milton Eisenhower himself, who headed the commission investigating violence, declared here last month, "There are literally arsenals being built by the extreme right and the extreme left, not only with normal guns but with every type of weapon. And if we saw trouble break out in this country it could be devastating."

The crime issue is the cutting edge of America's social unrest. It is the painful symptom that finally sends the man suffering from cancer to the doctor. America ought to do something about law and order quick; unfortunately, the Nixon approach has too often been wrong-headed, cynical or even hypocritical.

There are two main views on how to reduce America's appalling crime rate: get at the social causes, or use repression. No less than four presidential commissions employing hundreds of experts, millions of dollars and ten million words, have stressed the long-term need of full social justice. That is the burden of the Katzenbach, Kerner, Eisenhower and Scranton reports. They just say the same thing over and over; it is tragic that so few listen.

The Nixon approach has emphasized the old, simplistic theory of stiffer penalties, tougher laws, repression. "We cannot explain away crime in this country by charging it off to poverty," candidate Nixon said in the 1968 campaign. There is some truth in this, of course. Maybe some judges have been too lenient. But it is arrant folly to think we can sleep securely in bed at night while ghettoes swarm with unemployed teenagers, one man in nine is below the poverty line, and junk guns are purchasable at hardware stores.

How many more American Presidents must be shot before we license guns as we license autos? Every poll shows 75 to 80 percent of the public wants it. The failure to get effective regulation through Congress is an example of what makes millions feel they are powerless to control their government. Congress passed the 1968 Gun Control Act, and the National Rifle Association lobby saw to it that it is as full of loopholes as the income tax law. It bans importation of cheap, snub-nosed concealable handguns but not their parts; the latter are pouring in. There is a new cottage industry to assemble them, and the "week-end special" is more common than ever.

That is one thing in barbaric America that even the most tolerant and sympathetic visitors from civilized countries outside cannot understand. The US is the only industrialized country on earth that permits gun sales. There are a few restrictions but they don't restrict. Some of us would rather see heroin and sticks of dynamite freely available to purchasers than firearms, particularly handguns. "There are at least 25 million handguns, perhaps 30 million in the US," Dr. Eisenhower testified the other day, "because the sale has quadrupled in recent years. These are not sporting weapons, they have no other purpose than to kill."

The statistical correlation between firearms and homicides is irrefutable. It is here that the approach of the Nixon administration appears cynical.

In preparation for 1972, Mr. Nixon seems wrapping himself once again in the bogus law-and-order issue. Last month he warned New York state troopers of an attempt to "beat down law enforcement." He is wrapping himself in the uniform. Following killings of police he called a White House Conference proposing federal awards of $50,000 to slain policemen's kin. And gun control? The administration opposes it.

"The deadliness of firearms is perhaps best illustrated by the fact that they are virtually the only weapons used in killing police officers," says the authoritative Eisenhower Commission report (1969). In 1968, firearms accounted for 61 of the 64 police killed that year (handguns 46); in 1969, 83 of the 86 officers slain were killed with firearms (handguns 67).

With a record like that it takes a callous administration, I think, to hold a conference on the murder of police and not take up the subject of firearms, yet that is what this administration did. New York police commissioner Patrick Murphy and the director of the International Association of Chiefs of Police, Quinn Tamm, were conspicuously omitted from the guest list. They want a ban on all sales of handguns for private use. At a briefing by Attorney General Mitchell at the end of the police conference, he sparred with reporters about gun control. The matter was up to the Treasury Department, said this chief law enforcement officer of the government.

So there stands the Chief Justice with a handgun. Two-and-a-half million handguns are being manufactured or imported every year; they now account for half of all homicides, and sales have *increased* since the Gun Control Act took effect. They are particularly numerous in the South (along with homicides) and Mr. Nixon has thrown in his lot with Dixie and the gun lobby, which prefers homicides to registration. It is wrapped up in sex; for many a handgun is a virility symbol. There is only one thing to do: arm everybody. Pack your Colt when you go to lunch and be sure little Mary has her automatic on the school bus. That way we will all get law and order.

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# Berlin: Getting off Dead Center

Berlin, the locale and cause of so many East-West crises between 1958 and 1963, might be one of the dying volcanoes of the Cold War. Yet only in the columns of *Le Monde* has the latest round of Berlin talks, now limping into their fifteenth month, inspired more than summary mention by the press. In his State of the World message earlier this year, the President said that agreement on Berlin is a prior condition for US initiatives on troop reductions or NATO participation in a European security conference. Since then, Berlin has been used to excuse stalling on the big issues, particularly MBFR (Mutual Balanced Force Reductions). US withdrawals from Europe have been postponed from one year to the next, and Mr. Nixon has beaten off a succession of Mansfield Amendments. Eight weeks after Brezhnev's overtures at Tiflis on the thinning out of forces, NATO and the Warsaw Pact are still "some distance" from actual negotiations. Not until the fall will NATO's deputy foreign ministers convene to discuss how to begin to respond to the Russians. These delays have their echoes at the SALT arms control parleys.

Yet gingerly, almost surreptitiously, the US and USSR have moved a bit closer together on Berlin. Brezhnev could say last month – in East Berlin, of all places – that the Soviets were ready to push for "successful completion" of the talks. Then Washington began hinting that there need be no organic link between a Berlin settlement and discussions on MBFR. (NATO still insists that a settlement must precede any European security conference, however.) The Four Powers were even reporting out a new formula for guaranteed access between Berlin and the West.

The Cold War in its classic form of no-yield confrontation in Europe dies hard. What is helping to kill it in this country is disenchantment with overblown foreign commitments, a severe balance of payments problem, and rising demands on our domestic resources. Congressionally mandated troop reductions cannot be staved off forever. And the Brandt-Nixon meeting in June showed that Washington is somewhat open to change, or is willing at least for the moment to sit back and see what comes of Bonn's efforts to lower Cold War barriers, particularly barriers between the Germanys.

For more than 20 years, Berlin has been the tail that wags the world dog, and the dog is getting tired of it. The 1945 Potsdam Agreements

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ignored the legalities of access to the city. Berlin was made not an international, but a twilight zone. In theory, Berlin did not fall under the sovereignty of either German regime but remained under joint Four Power control, a theory that was quickly shattered. With Soviet encouragement, the infant republic of East Germany appropriated the Berlin neighborhood of Pankow for its capital and set out at once to harass traffic to and from the city. West Germany's Basic Law of 1948 sought to make West Berlin a *Land* of the Federal Republic, which the Allied High Commissioners vetoed, but Bonn's ties with West Berlin multiplied. Artificial economic respiration proved necessary to keep young people from leaving Berlin and to encourage businessmen to invest in it. West Berlin was turned into a showcase of commercial splendor, with an eye to humiliating communism – and gathering intelligence.

The new East German government is in a position to abet or sabotage Bonn's quest for detente. Specifically, treaties negotiated last summer with Poland and the USSR are at stake. Willy Brandt has said that he will submit them to the Bundestag for ratification only if a Berlin settlement can be produced first. Politically, Brandt had little choice; the opposition Christian Democrats have tried to taint his *Ostpolitik* with a mild coating of treason. Brandt is clever enough to try to exploit the pressures on him to in turn pressure the Soviets and East Germans. But his leverage is limited. The weight of the US, the USSR *and* East Germany, is needed to preserve Brandt's mobility. All three have an interest in peace between Germans and Poles, and in closing a territorial dispute that partially triggered World War II.

Stretched across the middle of Central Europe, West Germany has a territorial imperative to put its communist neighbors at ease, if it can. A generation of Germans is growing up with no knowledge of the last war, but flanked by countries with whom they have never made peace. Brandt is trying to balance reconciliation with the East with close consultations with the West. But it is ironic that the crunch for *Ostpolitik* comes over Berlin. As a symbol, it has been invested with too much importance. Both East and West have staked too much of their prestige on this ideological outpost, this anachronism. It's all very well to leave well enough alone, but Berlin is not well enough. Berlin gave John Kennedy a moment of glory (*"Ich bin ein Berliner"* – which he was not), but preserving the status quo there should not be made the test of anyone's resolve to resist aggression.

A few reported recent concessions from the Soviets suggest parts of a possible Berlin settlement, given a less unbending attitude by East Germany. Moscow seems willing to accept close cultural and economic ties between West Berlin and West Germany. However, the growing "federal presence" is to them legally dubious and diplomatically disruptive. Each year, Bonn has taken more and more responsibility for West Berlin, though by treaty the city can never become a *Land* of the Federal Republic. West Berlin sends nonvoting members to the Bundestag, and occasionally the Federal Republic will pilot the whole Bundestag to Berlin for a legislative session. The last election of the West German Federal President took place there, a needlessly provocative gesture.

The Soviets want to cut off all official functions of the Federal Republic in the city, and also to open their own consulate in West Berlin. The West will not concede this, and here the talks have snagged, though the Governing Mayor of West Berlin, Herr Schuetz, recently let slip that the scale of the federal presence might be reduced, especially in return for free visits between the two Berlins. On the latter point, the Soviet attitude – barring contact between West Berliners and their friends and relatives in the GDR – has been stupid. Assured access to West Berlin and guaranteed visits are what most interest the West German electorate. Any settlement must respect these human concerns.

But in relations between East Germany and the USSR, like those between South Vietnam and the US, it is not always clear how far the patron can go in calling the shots for the client. Herr Ulbricht put up a stiff resistance to relaxation of hostilities, and most observers feel that it was Moscow which decided at a Party Congress last March to unload him. Yet the successor East German regime, insecure as always, is still dragging its feet. Its foreign minister, Otto Winzer, sounded rather testy last week when he spoke of access. "An arrangement must be found," he said, "which is not against our sovereign rights." Since both East and West Germany have to ratify and implement details of any Berlin agreement worked out by the Four Powers, and since Berlin is surrounded by East Germany, Herr Winzer's interpretation of "sovereign rights" is of prime importance, as is the readiness of his government to modify demand for full diplomatic recognition from Bonn and the Western allies. The West Germans are seeking a new environment of reconciliation, but nothing they (or the US or the Soviets) do can bear fruit, if the East Germans are bent on exploiting the isolation of Berlin. No agreement would be worth much if the East Germans did not want it sufficiently, were not prepared to compensate the West Berliners for having the city geographically in the palm of their hand.

Some Americans, such as Henry Kissinger, are leery of Berlin compromise, on the grounds it might produce a backlash in West Germany. In *The Troubled Partnership*, Kissinger cautioned that negotiating for access rights might imply official acknowledgement of a divided Germany, and, he said, "No German political leader can accept as permanent the subjugation of 17 million of his compatriots – all German political parties are agreed on this." West Germany, he feared, would be swept by neo-fascist isolationism or "fin-

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landized." Neither Willy Brandt nor his colleagues share that foreboding. Though open recognition of the continued existence of two Germanys may not be practical politics in Bonn today, silent acceptance of that reality is widespread – and is quite reassuring to *all* Germany's neighbors.

More than just nursing the new Soviet peace initiative, Bonn dared to fumble for a *modus vivendi* with the Democratic Peoples Republic. Brandt's "Twenty Points," broached at Erfurt last year with East Germany's Willi Stolph, proposed at least UN membership for East Germany – if not quite full recognition. Like the treaty with Poland on the Oder-Neisse boundary, these inter-German dialogues show that Bonn is prepared to pursue detente (and its own interests). Whether East Germany's new premier, Eric Hohnecker, is equally prepared is the unanswered question. Bonn, at least, may sense that Berlin as the touchstone for policy is well-nigh moribund; most Germans, Mr. Kissinger to the contrary, have relegated the dream of a reunified nation to a remote future.

Very soon, the two German governments must enter the Four-Power talks and work out their own tortuous compromise on Berlin. At first blush there seems to be little room for maneuver. Brandt and his NATO allies must have definite treaty provisions that codify practice in implementing Western rights in the city and along the access routes. They must also persuade the East Germans and the Russians to liberalize the infuriating travel restrictions and confirm the city's economic links with Bonn. Once past these hurdles, Bonn could relinquish some of Berlin's political links with the West. Meanwhile, negotiations on troop reductions in Europe need not wait.

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# Purity in Atlanta

The specter of censorship of the arts in the name of anti-lewdness has raised its head in a town trying hard to sell itself as a cosmopolitan metropolis. Atlanta, only this month celebrating the first international flight out of its airport (an Eastern publicity junket to Mexico City), has seen fit to crack down on two brief nude scenes in the rock musical, *Stomp*, which has played successfully and without tampering all over the US and Europe. The nude scenes in *Stomp* represent a birth story and a swim down a river, not sexual contact of any kind. But it was the bugaboo of on-stage sex that motivated the Georgia legislature to pass a new anti-lewdness statute.

Like the rest of the country, Atlanta finally found its harvest of hard porn 16mm movie houses and "adult book stores" in the past 18 months. Rural Georgia legislators coming to town for the 1971 General Assembly were sufficiently shocked to give prosecutors a toothy new law which singles out the numerous topless night clubs, movie houses "or other exhibition" for punishment under a 1968 public indecency code, a law based on a shaky and subjective interpretation of "lewdness." Instead of concentrating on the several dozen bookstores and $3 movie houses the legislators must have had in mind, Fulton County Solicitor William B. Endictor has come down hard on a play which has no marquee, never advertises its nudity and contains nothing lewd. It is a play, however, which celebrates a life style alien to middle-class values ("You don't need to wear shoes to be clean or be married to have children," said one of the 27 cast members). Members of The Combine, the commune which stages *Stomp*, resent their play being equated with topless bars. "We're being attacked for the political content of the play," claims actor Jay Martin. Atlanta officials working so hard for an international reputation have a problem of forked tongues when their law enforcement agents cannot distinguish between the sleazy flicks on Houston Street and a serious rock musical in a church.

Under the imminent threat of prosecution *Stomp's* actors kept their clothes on for several weeks and the box office suffered. The chilling effects of official surveillance was immediately felt. "One night we estimated 20 percent of the audience were plainclothesmen," Martin said, "and we had been told we could be prosecuted two years from now on anything we did today. This play depends on us getting our heads together, and you can't get anything together under that kind of a threat." There are five children in the unwed commune and Combine parents fear a trip to jail, even for a good cause and for only one night, might jeopardize custody of their own children.

Meanwhile, the ACLU brought suit in federal court on behalf of the *Stomp* cast and a private citizen (a pin-striped ad executive who says his right to see and hear is abridged); they challenged the constitutionality of the new law. *Stomp* players aired their position at a press conference the next day and voted to start taking their clothes off in the play the following week. That night, *Stomp* played for the last time in the church. Early the next morning, the building went up in flames following a loud explosion. There is no gas or other possibility of spontaneous combustion in the church. "As usual, we shut off the electricity when we left that night," says producer Alex Cooley. The Atlanta fire department claims the church was so totally gutted they cannot make a determination of arson.

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# The CBS Decision

The House defeat last week (226-181) of a contempt citation against CBS did more than stop Rep. Harley Staggers from talking back to his television set. It owned up to the good sense of what an Arizona Republican, John Rhodes, told the Congress: "We should not set ourselves up as arbiters of the truth." Staggers and the Commerce Committee were asking the House to prevent the networks from grossly deceiving the public. This implied a second responsibility – that Congress know what the truth is, and police the networks to see that they tell it all the time. But under the First Amendment neither CBS nor *The New York Times* nor Harley Staggers is obliged to write and speak only "the truth." With a kind of Platonic malice, the Staggers doctrine assumes an officially certifiable truth, which is what police states do assume. It is the foundation for censorship.

The House vote also beat down the first real attempt to legislate some of Spiro Agnew's animosity toward the Eastern Establishment media. But Agnew only tried to intimidate the press and TV by charging bias. Staggers and his supporters meant to define it and make it illegal. Dr. Frank Stanton of CBS had trouble seeing the point of this. "Government is powerless either to render journalism responsible or to restore public confidence in it. Only journalists have that power."

# Military Assistance

In years past the State Department, abetted by Congress, has kept secret until long after the fact, the exact amounts of money and materiel given other countries as military assistance. There has never been a precise breakdown on a country-by-country basis, until a year after the money has been spent and it's too late for competing claimants – like rival siblings – to charge that they aren't getting their fair share. Furthermore, there has been no opportunity for public debate about the wisdom of assisting a Greek military dictatorship here or a Marxist Chilean regime there.

This year we know how much money is involved in fiscal year 1972 military assistance because Senator William Proxmire (D, Wisc.) told the State Department that if it did not declassify the list or convince him that there was a valid "national security" reason for withholding the information, he would disregard the "secret" classification and make the list public. "The taxpayers of the United States," he said, "have a right to know how much is to go to what country while there is still time for them to do something about it." So, with the Pentagon Papers fresh in mind, the State Department and Proxmire made the assistance figures public in simultaneous announcements July 9. The total military aid for the 43 recipient countries listed comes to $731.5 million in grants, $582 million in sales of military equipment on credit, $825 million in economic supporting assistance and $220 million in surplus defense items. Total: 2.4 billion. Greece's military government, for instance, is to receive $117 million in Nixon Doctrine military assistance, more than twice what it got in 1971. Turkey, at odds with Greece over Cyprus, is to receive $148.2 million in assistance. India and Pakistan each is to get $5 million in arms credits. South Vietnam is to receive $565 million in economic supporting assistance. (The bulk of military assistance to South Vietnam comes under the separate, Defense Department budget.) Cambodia (with $310 million) and Korea (with $254 million) are second and third on the list, in terms of amounts of assistance received. Israel, Jordan and Lebanon, according to sources other than Proxmire and the State Department, are among six Middle East countries sharing an additional $500 million in US assistance. The Soviet Union, according to reports last week, is matching US exports in one area, by stepping up deliveries of war planes and helicopters to Egypt and Syria.

Senator Proxmire said in a statement accompanying the release of figures that "the question of how much and what type of foreign aid should be sent to a myriad of countries on every continent of the world is a proper subject for discussion. . . ." Indeed it is. To what extent should the US be implementing the Nixon Doctrine of bankrolling governments which use the weapons to protect themselves from their own people, and what useful purpose is served by assisting both adversaries in a conflict, sometimes pitting our presumed proxy against the presumed proxy of the Soviet Union. There ought to be a mechanism similar to the SALT talks for limiting this reckless world-wide distribution of arms, perhaps a UN conference on reducing the investments of great powers in other nations' animosities.

# Sins of Commission

There are many things "haves" can and should do for "havenots," and many things it is wise not to do. The latter consideration had no hold on the minds of the early contingency planners of our Vietnam involvement, nor on State Department officials who made up the list of 43 countries which are to receive US military assistance this year. One of these countries, Pakistan, in the fiscal year just begun is to get $5 million in

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credit sales and a quarter of a million dollars in economic-military support. Add to that the Nixon administration's request to Congress for $118.3 million in economic aid to the central Pakistan government of Mohammad Yahya Kahn – the government which has been responsible since March for an estimated 200,000 deaths and the displacement of more than 2.5 million people in its subjugation of East Pakistan.

A World Bank mission sent to Pakistan late in May returned recommending massive food shipments to prevent starvation, but advising against further aid to the central government until its troops have been withdrawn from East Pakistan. The US has resisted halting aid, and there is no evidence that the recent visit to Pakistan by Henry Kissinger, the President's special assistant for national security affairs, will alter that policy. The administration has engaged Senator Kennedy in a needless debate in the press over whether it is true, as Senate investigators and the World Bank mission both contend, that millions of East Pakistanis are in imminent danger of starvation. The administration says there's enough food in East Pakistan to meet current needs, though relief is being continued.

Meanwhile reports from the scene describe nearly bankrupt Pakistan's determination to enforce its subjugation of 75 million people and obliterate Bengali culture. Sydney Schanberg, a *New York Times* correspondent in New Delhi, wrote last week, "The killings have been matched by the property damage the army has inflicted everywhere. In the countryside – for miles at a stretch sometimes – villages have been burned to the ground on both sides of the road. In the cities and towns large areas have been reduced to rubble by heavy gunfire." The options open to Washington are to cut off military and economic aid to West Pakistan, or connive in terrorism. The administration should cancel export licenses for military equipment issued before the genocidal war began in March, divert shipments of equipment now enroute to Pakistan and put a ban on economic aid other than famine relief.

## Hughes Withdraws

Doggedly, Senator Harold Hughes (D, Iowa) has battled the dependence of Americans on drugs and alcohol. And wherever he has travelled in recent months, he has been confronted by skeptics who saw in his advocacy merely another attempt by another presidential hopeful to advance his own interest. Last week, the Senator answered the skeptics. He withdrew from the race and issued a declaration of neutrality. The decision was in character. Hughes is not a compromiser and did not choose to have his campaign against addiction compromised. His withdrawal produces no net reduction in Democratic candidates, for Senator Fred Harris of Oklahoma has just jumped into the race. But Hughes' decision will marginally assist George McGovern; the two of them have been closely identified on such issues as the war in Vietnam, defense spending cuts and reform of the procedures by which the Democratic Party conducts its business.

## Fairfax County Experiment

A few miles across the Potomac from the Nation's Capital lies Fairfax County, Va., a sprawling suburban hodgepodge of shopping centers, wooded farmlands, highrise office and apartment buildings, and single-family houses on spacious lots. Like many such areas, Fairfax does a splendid job of housing the affluent, and a miserable job of housing the left-behinds.

Shortly before the July Fourth holiday, the county made social history. The board of supervisors approved a plan that would make developers of apartment complexes of 50 or more units allocate six percent of them to low income residents and nine percent for those of moderate income. (The criteria conform to definitions set by the US Department of Housing and Urban Development.) A builder would get six months in which to demonstrate that a real effort had been made to get subsidies under HUD programs for the low income housing, and FHA loan guarantees for the moderate income housing. If HUD and FHA failed to come through, the builder would be off the hook; he could then build for anyone. If the Feds did come through, the builder would get a bonus of permission to build one extra unit of regular housing for every two low and moderate income units.

Although Fairfax has the highest median family income in the Washington, DC, area (nearly $16,000), many of its 450,000 residents can't find suitably priced housing. Incomes increased by nearly one-half in recent years, but housing costs jumped by more than three-fourths. The median value of housing is about $35,000, and new homes are selling in the $40,000 range. An estimated 10,000 units of low and moderate income housing are needed. The county has only about 200 units of public housing, and the new plan will provide a maximum of about 3500 units.

The county's plan has won widespread acceptance because it allays homeowners' fears of massive public housing projects springing up next to established residential areas.

The threat of a lawsuit by builders caused a delay in the effective date until Sept. 1, which means that some 10,000 units that are under application now will not be affected by the new rule. Red tape from the federal side might make the program unworkable, but recent statements from Secretary Romney suggest that

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HUD will give priority to those communities actively engaged in innovative housing programs.

Other communities throughout the nation will be looking at the Fairfax experience. Suburbs must find ways to house their blue-collar workers, teachers, policemen and firemen, and service employees, many of whom can't now afford housing near where they work. Already, in both adjacent Arlington County and nearby Montgomery County, Md., there is talk of "bonus densities" for providing low and moderate income housing in developments along "transit impact zones" – areas along a new Metro subway line. Fairfax County has taken a firm first step toward a sensible housing program for the suburbs.

## With Friends Like These . . .

# Farm Workers and City Unions

*Olympia, Washington*

Farm workers are not covered by the umbrella of protectionist federal legislation. Despite this exclusion, the United Farm Workers Organizing Committee has scored significant victories against the California grape and lettuce growers and has begun to organize workers in other crops and other states. UFWOC has picked up so much momentum that the other side is now seeking protective legislation, and UFWOC is fighting to be left alone.

The growers' aim is to deprive UFWOC of its two principal weapons: the harvest-time strike and the secondary boycott. For a while, their hopes were pinned on former Sen. George Murphy's bill to outlaw these two weapons nationally. Murphy's bill did not pass, so the growers' strategy now is to win approval of numerous Murphy-type measures on the state level, and then move later for federal legislation to "iron out differences."

They have been making progress. In California, the Assembly labor relations committee approved a bill last month that would cripple consumer boycotts. A similar measure was battled to a tie in Idaho, while another passed both houses in Oregon and is awaiting action by Republican governor Tom McCall. In Washington State, a growers' bill passed by the Republican controlled House of Representatives came within a hair of slipping through the more liberal Senate. The barely defeated Washington law is significant, because it was fathered by a peculiar alliance between growers and urban labor unions.

The growers in Washington were facing a hops strike in the rich Yakima Valley. They pushed an anti-strike bill through the House and were wondering how to crack the Senate, when fortune winked in the form of a labor-sponsored bill to provide state protection for hospital workers and employees of small businesses, who, like farm workers, are exempt from federal labor legislation. The deal was a natural: the growers Republican allies in the House would accept the labor union bill if labor's Democratic friends in the Senate would throw a bone to the growers, at the farm workers' expense.

Local 6 of the Service Employees' Union employs Rep. Gary Grant, a young man who bid for House Minority Leader this session and is one of three union professionals in the legislature. He and Seattle's Bob Grieve, the Senate Democratic leader, invited grower-Senator Jim Matson from the Yakima Valley to add page after page of amendments to the labor bill – items like a 60-day lapse before union validation, and a nine-month "cooling off" before a strike. Since crops are often picked within a week, the amended bill would have virtually eliminated farm workers' strikes.

The joint labor lobby endorsed the view of the growers. The amended bill was quietly placed on the Senate calendar for Monday, May 3, before most members – or even UFWOC – knew what was going on. The last amendment, prohibiting consumer boycotts, was to be the only one to receive a public reading.

But word did leak, and a band of farm workers and supporters led by UFWOC vice president Dolores Huerta made a hurried trip to Olympia. The farm worker lobby gathered at the marble stairs of the State Captiol: dark Chicanos, clean-cut students and ladies in tennis shoes, with a sprinkling of poverty lawyers and liberal city politicians. At the stairway's top, they met organized labor's spokesmen: rumpled suits, lumpy faces and cigars. The laborites scowled and heard nothing. Dolores Huerta sized them up quickly and went on to see the senators.

UFWOC's forces enlisted some support among freshmen senators including George Fleming, the Senate's only black member, and received crucial help from Martin Durkan, a moderate Democrat who is a likely candidate for governor next term. UFWOC's position was simple: they wanted farm workers excluded from the amended labor bill. Taft-Hartley type laws might be appropriate for regulating powerful established unions, Mrs. Huerta argued, but to apply stiff restrictions to farm workers this early in the game was like pruning a fruit tree before it was six inches high.

Mrs. Huerta was not beyond a few threats. She told both labor leaders and senators that if the bill went through, she would not be surprised to see a boycott of Washington state beer, in which Yakima's hops are a principal ingredient. Within minutes a brewery lobbyist was at her side, asking about the farm workers' objection to the bill.

Throughout the day and night UFWOC lobbyists

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buttonholed the senators. Telegrams poured in from Seattle. Finally, Sen. Grieve, the original architect of the deal with the growers, agreed to send the bill back to committee, presumably ending its chances of passage in 1971.

But the measure could not be beaten down so easily. The unions and growers spent a week working with their friends in the legislature. Then, on the last day of the session, the labor bill suddenly popped out of committee and appeared as if by magic on the tail end of the Senate calendar. UFWOC forces marshaled for a final last ditch stand. They gave up talking to senators and began to work at the House, arguing that the measure would be pushed through without debate. The answer from nearly everyone was that they were "with Gary Grant."

Stopped cold, UFWOC supporters could only wait. By the time the bill came up it was nearly midnight. Durkan moved that the measure be returned to committee and was voted down. The amendment outlawing consumer boycotts was approved. Durkan took the floor again. "I have a few amendments to add to this bill," he said. "I believe Senator Fleming has a few, too. We are liable to spend quite a while on this thing." Faced with a filibuster that would endanger the state budget, the grower-union alliance gave in, putting the bill to rest until next year.

It will assuredly return. "You have only bought yourselves a little time," Rep. Grant told Fred Ross, Jr., of UFWOC. In other states and in Congress, similar bills will also come forth. The question is how long UFWOC can fight them back and how much help it will get.

**Richard P. Gibbons**

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## The Thinking that Led to Vietnam

# Footbridge into the Quagmire

## by Cabell Phillips

What the probers into the Pentagon Papers appear to have missed, for all their commendable industry, is that United States involvement in Vietnam was rendered virtually inevitable as a result of two high-level policy decisions reached more than 20 years ago. The first of these was the formal adoption in 1948 of the "containment" doctrine enunciated by George F. Kennan. The second was presidential approval of a National Security Council paper in 1950 known under the prosaic title of NSC-68. In conjunction these two documents created a "posture" in the nation's foreign policy that made practically automatic our response to the Communist attack on South Korea in June, 1950, and by logical extension, our initial involvement a few years later in Indochina. The provocations were comparable and the responses consistent.

While the rationale for that involvement, escalating beyond all prior calculations, began to wear thin in the sixties, official "postures" are not easily abandoned. Once they are engaged they develop a momentum of their own, and we are stuck with the results, good or bad, until some crisis forces their alteration or abandonment. That point in respect to Indochina appears to have been reached at last. The Nixon administration is now trying seriously to work its way out of the Vietnamese quagmire, abandoning, without admitting as much, the hoary and now-discredited policy concept that led us into it.

There is nothing secret about the Kennan "containment" thesis. He elaborated it in *Foreign Affairs* in 1947. It has been debated, extolled and criticized at great length, and Mr. Kennan in time publicly backed off from some of its original postulates. For a couple of decades, however, its essential elements remained firmly embedded in the conventional wisdom on which Western diplomacy was based.

NSC-68 has never been made public. Its text and supporting documents remain (after more than two decades) under a "top secret" classification, as do all papers of the National Security Council. But a few reliable paraphrases of it do exist in the public domain. This writer was able to include a brief summary of it in a book published in 1966, *The Truman Presidency*, and Prof. Paul Y. Hammond of Columbia University discussed it in greater detail in a study he did for the

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Institute of War and Peace Studies under the title, *Prologue to Re-Armament.* The existence and import of NSC-68 was well known to a small circle of government officials and scholars during the early 'fifties, and in an off-the-record comment during this period, Dean Acheson, one of its originators, described it as "one of the great documents in our history."

The two papers, Kennan's and that of the NSC, have to be considered together because, whether intentionally or not, they are effectually linked – a "theory" and "action" relationship whereby hangs the reason for our being in Vietnam.

Very briefly, the Kennan doctrine was this: Communist ideology as exemplified in the USSR under Stalin is not a rational system of economics and politics as understood in the West, but a pseudo-religious discipline tinged with demonology and Oriental mysticism and guided by inflexible dogmas. Among the unalterable convictions of this faith are the inevitable triumph of the proletarian world revolution, the concurrent collapse of capitalism, and implacable conflict meanwhile between the two systems. "This means," Kennan wrote, "that there can never be on Moscow's side any sincere assumption of a community of aims between the Soviet Union and powers which are regarded as capitalist. It must invariably be assumed in Moscow that the aims of the capitalist world are antagonistic to the Soviet regime . . ."

The USSR, he argued, was committed to a program of dynamic political expansion beyond its territorial borders, and it had the industrial and military *potential* for a substantial realization of its goals. Where this power has already penetrated it cannot be turned back, but in the immediate interim while the Russians gather their strength, the obvious channels of future penetration can be sealed off. "This would," Kennan concluded, "warrant the United States' entering with reasonable confidence upon a *policy of firm containment, designed to confront the Russians with unalterable counterforce* at every point where they show signs of encroaching upon the interests of a peaceful and stable world . . ." (Italics added.)

Kennan's idea strongly influenced US foreign policy throughout the closing years of the Truman administration (NATO and the Military Defense Assistance Program for example), all through the Eisenhower administration, and to a more limited extent in those of Kennedy and Johnson.

Whether the framers of NSC-68 acknowledged any indebtedness to the containment doctrine I do not know. Generically, the one seems to be an extension of the other. The NSC paper was designed in a crisis foreshadowed by Kennan's warning. In September, 1949, the Soviets exploded their first atomic bomb, about five years ahead of expectations by American and European experts. The effect on the world power balance was traumatic. Early the next year President Truman was confronted with deciding whether to authorize a crash program to develop the hydrogen bomb and thus restore the balance of terror in our own favor. While debating the issue he asked the NSC to come up with a fresh assessment of our role of free-world leadership. The NSC, it should be remembered, is supposed to provide the most intensive focus possible of the nation's aspirations, commitments and capabilities upon any given problem of national security, supplying the President with a broad and informed basis for decision making.

The resulting study was, according to those in the know, a profound and penetrating analysis of the American ideal in terms of its Constitution and heritage, and of the dangers, the opportunities and the responsibilities affecting the perpetuation of those ideals in the world as it was at mid-century. The new power relationship in the world, with the US and the USSR occupying the terminal poles, was not a temporary but a long-range phenomenon, the study held, and the conflict between the two systems was deep-seated and, for the foreseeable future, irreconcilable. The concepts and goals of American life were therefore destined to come under increasing attack. If they were to be protected the nation must be determined, at whatever cost or sacrifice, to preserve at home and abroad those conditions of life in which these objectives can survive and prosper.

Conceding that such a determination could lead to war, the paper analyzed the relative capacities of the US and its probable allies, and the USSR and its probable allies. It saw a standoff in atomic weaponry by about 1954 unless the US succeeded in developing the new hydrogen bomb. In the ability to make conventional war, the US could call on superior economic resources, but the Russians now had a far greater military force in being and moreover were adding to it at a far faster rate than we. (The US defense budget for fiscal 1950 had been slashed to $13.5 billion and our Army numbered 539,000 officers and men). Conceivably, an ultimate showdown might be avoided by negotiation but the prospect of success was not encouraging. Stalin respected the reality of force a great deal more than he did the abstraction of peace.

The paper said there were four alternative courses of action for the nation. First, continuing with reduced defense budgets and such help as we could spare for our allies. Second, abandon help to our allies and concentrate the present limited defense spending on building up a "fortress America." Third, launch a quick "preventive" war to redress the balance of power. Fourth, strike out on a bold and massive scale to outmatch the Soviet arms effort both at home and throughout the Western World, *meeting each fresh challenge by the enemy promptly and unequivocally.*

It was the fourth alternative that the Council unanimously endorsed. Such a step, they said, would mean the virtual abandonment of trying to distinguish be-

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tween national and global security, and an end to subordinating security needs to the traditional budgeting restrictions; of asking, "How much security can we afford?" Instead, security world-wide must take precedence in the ordering of the nation's priorities. The country could invest at least 20 percent of its gross national product in defense without risking bankruptcy, and they recommended a next year's expenditure on the order of $50 billion.

This was the program that President Truman bought. He initialed the paper in April as "approved," and NSC-68 became the dominant guideline in our policy *vis a vis* the spread of Communist power. It gave muscle to the doctrine of containment, it provided an almost instantaneous response to Communist aggression in Korea, and it led naturally to extending aid to the beleaguered French in Indochina and the subsequent dispatch of "advisers" and other material support to the Emperor Bao Dai in his war against the Vietminh.

## After the Fighting in Vietnam is Over

# The Future of Laos

## by George McT. Kahin

*Vientiane*

All parties concerned remain convinced that neither a ceasefire nor a political settlement can be attained in Laos so long as the war continues in Vietnam and Cambodia. Even the chances for a ceasefire limited to northern Laos (above the Ho Chi Minh trail) are regarded as very slim so long as the fighting continues in these neighboring countries. Nevertheless, Prince Souvanna Phouma, Prime Minister of the Royal Laotian government, is now beginning to look ahead and prepare the ground in anticipation of an end to the conflicts elsewhere in Indochina. He appears convinced that in the long run the future of Laos depends more upon China than any other power, and that without Chinese support its independence and effective neutralization cannot be secured. At a recent dinner in Vientiane he surprised visiting Pentagon and State Department officials by his favorable remarks about the People's Republic of China and its relations with Laos. Stating that China was the one neighbor that had never invaded his country, he singled it out as a power with no territorial designs on Laos, and one which could be counted upon to respect its national sovereignty.

Undoubtedly the most important factor informing his judgment is the record of China's relationship with Laos through history, including the periods following the Geneva Agreements of 1954 and 1962. But in addition, he says that he has been repeatedly reassured as to China's intentions in talks with Mao Tse-tung and other top Chinese officials. It is to China's own self-interest, he states, to assure the independence and effective neutralization of Laos. And in this conclusion he is, of course, supported by a considerable number of China specialists, who have long recognized that a cardinal objective of Peking's foreign policy is to keep the area along its southern frontier free from the military presence of any great power.

Moreover, the impression has recently been growing among some informed observers in Vientiane that, given the mutually hostile Sino-Soviet relationship, Moscow can be expected to work for an Indochina settlement wherein Vietnam will be strong enough to offset any possible projection of Chinese influence into the area. Aware of this possibility, these observers believe, China would be all the more inclined to want a genuinely neutralized Laos and Cambodia, since this would help guarantee against any possible disposition of Vietnam to extend its hegemony over these states.

I asked Souvanna Phouma whether one should not take note of the roads which the Chinese have been building in the northern parts of his country, one of which is now nearing the town of Pak Beng on the Mekong river, some 25 mountainous miles north of the Thai border. I brought this up in part because these roads are so frequently singled out in briefing sessions given by the US embassies in Vientiane or Bangkok to congressmen and visiting journalists. The briefing officer is apt to ask the rhetorical question: "If the Chinese are not expansionist, why are they pushing this road right through northern Laos all the

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way to the Mekong, pointing like a dagger at northern Thailand?" Souvanna Phouma smiled: "You know, I myself took the initiative in asking the Chinese to build roads for us in northern Laos." This was particularly necessary, he said, for Phong Saly, the province which juts up into southern China. "Its population was cut off from markets and isolated from supplies from the outside, but with a road into China this problem could be overcome and the population of the province would benefit." He said that expansion of the road system southward and westward from Phong Saly was authorized by Phoumi Nosavan (the right-wing general who disposed of most actual power in the Royal Laotian government from the end of the 1962 Geneva Conference until 1965). "Phoumi did that on his own initiative when he was on a visit to Peking, at a time when he felt he needed to win the confidence of the Chinese." Given the nature of the 1962 Laotian Accords, there was, of course, reason for any government that pretended to neutrality to demonstrate that not all the roads in Laos were being built by the United States, and that so essential a guarantor of the agreement as China also had a role. According to Souvanna Phouma, General Phoumi urged the Chinese to expand their road network in the north and northwest of Laos, including a road which was to end at Muong Sing about 30 miles from the Burma border.

Although in the period 1962-65 Phoumi Nosavan authorized many things over which Souvanna says he had no control (or of which he had no knowledge, such as the recently disclosed use of Laotian airforce planes by American pilots against North Vietnamese troops), he was apparently fully aware of Phoumi's arrangements with Peking for building additional roads in northwest Laos and had no objections. "I am not," the Prime Minister told me, "concerned about the roads the Chinese have built, not any part of them, including the one south towards the Mekong. I know this area very well and have been over it on foot many years ago when I was a public works engineer. The southern part of the road towards the Mekong must run through a very narrow river gorge which is especially vulnerable and could be cut by us any time we wished." (The Mekong river constitutes a major west-east transportation artery for northwestern Laos, and goods trucked south to Pak Beng could be sent eastward down river to Luang Prabang and then south to Vientiane and Nong Kai, the railhead across the river in Thailand.)

Souvanna's view of the Chinese road network in northern Laos seems little different from that of the Pathet Lao, which in recent years has controlled the areas through which it passes. Tiao Souk Vongsak, a member of the Pathet Lao Central Committee, who was in Vientiane at the end of June as envoy of Prince Souvanouvong, stated to me that his government now administers two-thirds of the area of Laos (the US embassy estimates Pathet Lao territorial dominance at only slightly less), including most of the north and northwest, and that it has every right to authorize and encourage the building of roads necessary to serve the people of that area.

Thus, with regard to the long-term economic benefits of the Chinese-built roads for the isolated populations of northern Laos, Souvanna Phouma and the Pathet Lao are in agreement. Official American alarm that the roads are a serious threat to Thailand is apparently not shared by the Laotian Prime Minister, though he is conversant with that argument as well as with the sometimes related proposition that the existence of major US air bases in Thailand are likely to be perceived as a threat by Peking.

The essential formula for Laos's neutralization, Souvanna Phouma believes, involves three major powers: China, the United States and Soviet Russia. He says that no two of these powers will in the foreseeable future align themselves against the third, and thus their mutual differences help ensure that the combination would be effective. He does not want Japan added as a fourth major guarantor of his country's neutralization, perhaps for the same reason as Malaysia's leaders oppose a Japanese role in any neutralization of continental Southeast Asia – because Japan would be perceived as aligned with the US and thereby upset the tripartite balance. The neutralization of Laos, the Prime Minister believes, is not dependent on the neutralization of neighboring countries, even those of Indochina, and could be accomplished independently whatever their international posture. He does not believe that the Hanoi government would accept neutralization, but expects that under General Duong Van Minh Saigon might move in this direction.

Although Souvanna Phouma feels that the Geneva formula is essentially a good one, he believes that the machinery for insuring neutralization must be much stronger than before. If the International Control Commission (Canada, India and Poland) is to be utilized, and he appears to favor this, it is essential, he says, that its power be broadened and strengthened; it must, for example, be able to operate on the basis of a simple majority vote in making its recommendations. To facilitate this change, he would urge that its membership be expanded from three to five.

It is not merely the continuance of the war in Vietnam and Cambodia that Souvanna Phouma sees as a major impediment to any effective neutralization of Laos. He is also keenly concerned about American-Chinese relations in general and the effect of these on prospects for his own country. To get the two powers to cooperate in Laos will always be difficult, he says, so long as the Taiwan question separates them. Here he expresses himself as a proponent of Peking's position: the US should abandon its two Chinas policy and accept the fact that Taiwan is an integral part of China.

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Arkansas Traveler

# Wilbur Mills' Noncandidacy

## by Paul R. Wieck

To a new member of the House, the small personal privileges Chairman Wilbur D. Mills (D,Ark.) of the House Ways and Means Committee has taken unto himself are symbolic. "You want to know how powerful ol' Wilbur is," a freshman congressman from the Southwest said the other day. "You just watch. You've noticed how if you light up a cigarette on the House floor someone's right there to tell you to get behind the rail? Not ol' Wilbur. He walks up and down the aisle with his cigar blazing away and don't nobody ever tell ol' Wilbur to get behind the rail. Now that's what I call real power." It was inevitable that, given the proliferation of candidates in the spring of 1971, Mills' power would be honored by a presidential boom.

The last time an attempt was made to convert a key role in Congress into a viable bid for the presidency was in 1960 when Lyndon Baines Johnson, then the all-persuasive majority leader of the Senate, got into the race. In the end, Johnson's 1960 support was regional. With only a couple of exceptions (Anderson in New Mexico, Kerr in Oklahoma), outside the South, LBJ's Senate buddies failed to translate their clout back home into delegate strength because, in a presidential contest, different political realities control.

If Chairman Mills decides he's in earnest, he'll have to improve measurably on LBJ's 1960 showing. To do that, he must shuck off the image of regional candidate which, in turn, would inevitably lead him into a number of the 23 primaries next spring. That's not a happy prospect for a 62-year-old committee chairman whose friends readily concede he doesn't have "charisma."

As of midsummer, Mills has made no move in that direction. He hasn't given tacit consent to a campaign headquarters, so there is none. He has no paid or volunteer staff, no mechanism to organize Mills enthusiasts around the country, no fund raising effort. His personal staff is keeping hands off, in deference to the wishes of the boss. Mills speaks of his candidacy sparingly and, when he does, says he's not a candidate, won't become one but would accept the nomination if offered it. He doesn't think it will be.

Prime spokesman for the Mills boom is Rep. James Burke (D, Mass.), a soft-spoken, rotund Irishman and fourth-ranking Democrat on Ways and Means. Burke is part of a "group" that dines each noon at one of those large, round tables for ten in the House dining room. One day, Burke says, "we were discussing how it's not in the best interests of the country for some people on Madison Avenue to be able to create an image and it gets elected" – an understandable sentiment from a coterie that included that day Phil Landrum of Georgia and Jim Delaney of New York. Burke talked about how "it weakens the structure of government the way public relations firms come along and sell a candidate. The question is whether we want appearance or ability." Mills' name came up "and there was unanimous agreement around the table he'd make a great President."

The House floor is a gossipy place and the word spread quickly among Mills' colleagues. It wasn't long before more than 30 of them, including most of the ranking members of Mills' committee, publicly blessed the idea. But, when you're talking presidential politics, that blessing doesn't mean much. If senators can't control a delegation, House members surely can't, and more than a few of the 30-plus may find it difficult to get on a delegation themselves, let alone control it.

Mills has been a model of caution, letting the boys have their fun (he once said they liked the idea of pushing a Representative for the top job since the Senate has such a plethora of candidates). Still, in his way, he has been helping the cause along. All spring and into the summer, he has ventured forth into the countryside to speak out against President Nixon's revenue sharing program before state legislatures. To Tennessee, North and South Carolina, Texas, Illinois and California. On that subject he has been his party's undisputed spokesman, since all revenue bills must originate in the House and jurisdiction has been assigned to Ways and Means. But it's not just a campaign ploy. Mills, who isn't known for his purple prose, has been sharply critical of the Nixon plan, labeling it "very bad in principle . . . capricious . . . dangerous."

More significant, in the eyes of his boosters, was Mills' decision to go on the TV talk shows for the first time. He tosses this off by saying he'd been

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promising to do the shows for 10 years and finally couldn't put it off any longer.

It's no accident that the presidential candidate produced by the congressional power structure (Russell in 1952, Johnson in 1960, Mills in 1972) come from the South; that's where Democratic power is in the Congress. But it would be unfair to put Mills down as a typical Southern chairman. He's generally regarded as adroit and fair. Unlike such arrogant commanders as the late Judge Howard Smith of Virginia, the longtime boss of House Rules who retired to his farm in the hunt country when a bill he opposed came along, Mills has tried to channel progress rather than block it. Part of the explanation may be found in the constituencies each served – the Virginia oligarchy in Smith's case, a poor small-town and rural populace inclined toward the Wallace brand of populism in Mills' early years (he now has Little Rock).

At any rate, Mills put together the three-layer cake that combined medicare and medicaid in the mid-sixties and has never hesitated to push through sizable increases in social security payments. Recently, he trumped a Nixon card by proposing to up the minimum wage from $1.60 to $2 per hour by next year instead of 1974.

It would be equally unfair to brand him as a man with regional interests. He cast his lot with the national party long ago. For instance, in 1968 he campaigned vigorously for the Humphrey-Muskie ticket in Arkansas (few of his fellow chairmen from the South followed suit), signing his name to full-page ads. Recently, he went to Houston, Dallas and Ft. Worth to speak at fund raisers for the national committee.

If the marked route is Northern primaries – a route LBJ couldn't summon the courage to try and Russell bypassed eight years earlier – the question is "where in the North?" Judging from his speaking schedule, Mills could be toying with the idea of going into New England. He has allowed himself to be booked into New Haven, Hartford, Providence and Boston. Even Laconia, NH. Could it be Mills is toying with the possibility of trying to revive an old Democratic coalition of Southern sharecroppers and Northeastern shoemakers? Perhaps he thinks the working-class ethnic Democrats of New England will like him on such bread and butter issues as social security, minimum wage and medicare, and raise no fuss about his conservative biases on civil rights and Vietnam. He may be right.

In Tennessee, I found general agreement that Mills would be the strongest candidate Democrats could offer voters of that state. Nevertheless, those most inclined to support him thought he was just another regional candidate doomed to failure. That's not what most Southern Democrats want. They'd like a candidate with a fighting chance below the Mason-Dixon, but they also want back in the national game.

To the dismay of some of his supporters, Mills does things that burnish the regional image. He took a well-publicized plane ride to Louisiana with Judge Jim Johnson, the Arkansas Wallaceite. He presided over the naming to the House District of Columbia Committee of Rep. Edith Green (D, Ore.), a nemesis to urban-oriented Northern liberals on House Education and Labor and more and more a favorite of Southerners. Finally, despite reliable reports he was considering a vote for the Nedzi-Whalen anti-Vietnam resolution, he backed off. One source quoted him as saying a vote for Nedzi-Whalen would have been "too radical a change of position." That's not Mills' style.

As chairman of Ways and Means, Mills could count on bountiful campaign funds in a crowded primary field, in itself a considerable asset. "He could raise more money in five minutes than any of the other candidates from now until November of 1972," one colleague says. So obvious is the appeal of his chairmanship to the business community that persons skeptical of Mills' real interest in the race have concluded he allows the boom to develop in order to keep Southern money out of the coffers of Wallace and Nixon. His promoters insist a Mills nomination would erase the Wallace phenomenon from the land and kill, once and for all, Nixon's Southern strategy. Indeed, it's fascinating to dream of Mills' saying to those Houston and Dallas oilmen: "Don't you mind what John Connally is telling you." Who else could do it?

If he decides to run, rather than amble, Mills will have a substantial effect on most of the other candidates. It would dry up some wells that might otherwise feed men like Muskie and Jackson. Talk of a Humphrey revival would probably stop, if it hasn't already. It would handicap candidates with a Southern strategy of their own – Muskie, for example, whose managers hope to unite the new breed of Southern governors behind the Maine senator; Jackson, whose hopes of cementing a centrist bloc depend in considerable measure on his appeal in the South; Hughes, who longs to build a new antiwar populist coalition in the mid-South. Only McGovern, among the active candidates, would be untouched, because his Southern potential is all but nonexistent. In fact, McGovern might welcome another moderate-to-conservative candidate in Northern primaries, thus fur-

**COMING:** What's to Be Made of the Pentagon Papers? – a commentary by Eugene G. Windchy

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ther splitting that vote.

Persons close to Mills insist he's taking it all more seriously as the weeks go by. He couldn't be interested in second spot. Why would anyone give up all the power Mills has accumulated representing less than a half million people, to take on the thankless and onerous job of serving over 200 million? Perhaps he senses that the Democratic presidential race is wide open, that none of the candidates out front have "caught fire," and that there may be a chance for a Wilbur. Or, some suspect, maybe he's just trying to establish himself as the "Number One" man in the House, with an eye on the speakership as the climax to his career.

The answer may be simpler. One colleague puts it this way: "He's getting a lot of support from congressional types, delegate types. He's getting a good reception from legislatures and tons and tons of fund offers." No man in high public office scorns that kind of response. Mills may be doing what comes naturally to the human animal – responding.

But like his fellow "noncandidates," Mills can't hold off forever. By September, pressures on him to permit boosters to open an office, hire a staff, raise money and build an organization will be enormous. Rep. Burke says nothing will be done until "after the August recess." Then, Burke says, an effort will be made to "bring together the people interested," the people who have "besieged his office" with telephone calls from all over the country, people wanting to give money, to organize, to get bumper stickers.

To keep the spark of interest alive, Burke retires to his office late in the afternoon to have a drink or two with a few of his friends and shoot the breeze about their candidate. To while away the hours between now and the August recess, they've come up with a campaign ditty about Mills they sing to the tune of "Raindrops Keep Falling on My Head."

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Toward '72 and Beyond

# Starting a Fourth Party

## by Peter Barnes

*Albuquerque, N.M.*

A funny thing happened to Edmund Muskie in Dallas on July 1. As he ambled out of a trial lawyers' gathering in the Sheraton, he was greeted by half-a-dozen young activists handing out Draft Nader leaflets and bumper stickers. The activists informed Muskie that a straw poll of 85 people in the hotel lobby had shown Ralph Nader getting more votes for President than either he or Richard Nixon. Then they told the same story to waiting TV cameras. They also told the cameras that Muskie was a handmaiden of the military-industrial complex, soft on pollution, and indistinguishable except for his accent from Richard Nixon. It was an isolated incident, and Muskie may not have grasped its wider implication, which is that there is a movement afoot that could alter the shape of American politics, if not in 1972 then by the end of the decade.

That movement is the fourth party (counting George Wallace's American Independent Party as the third). Five states, including California, have a fourth party already on the ballot. A few weeks ago, liberals and radicals from 25 states met in Albuquerque and laid plans to get themselves listed on every ballot in the union. By the end of the year, a fourth party presidential ticket, aided by a shadow cabinet, will be on the hustings. Among the issues raised will be the joint complicity of Republicans and Democrats in the Vietnam disaster (*vide* the Pentagon Papers), the indebtedness of both major parties to special monied interests, and the inability of either party to bring about fundamental change. Positive proposals will be put forward: an end to tax loopholes for the rich, creation of a national health care system, vigorous enforcement of antitrust laws, prohibition of presidential wars, amnesty for draft resisters, decriminalization of victimless crimes (including possession of marijuana), diversification of media control. By the time 1972 is over, a President may have been elected, or reelected, because of what the fourth party does.

What can a fourth party accomplish? The most hopeful scenario envisions immediate victory – a charismatic candidate, backed by TV and a hundred-thousand avid student canvassers, wins a narrow plurality in a four-way race with Nixon, Humphrey and Wallace. A more realistic expectation is that the fourth party would receive from two to ten percent of

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the vote, depending on its candidates. (Henry Wallace got 2.4 percent in 1948, George Wallace 14 percent in 1968.) This might reelect Nixon or, as in 1948, merely narrow the Democrats' margin, while pulling them slightly to the left. In any event the fourth party would raise important issues and then go on building locally, so its advocates say, to develop a broad constituency by the end of the 1970s.

Most of the fourth party's hopes are pinned on the 25 million young Americans who will be eligible to vote for the first time in 1972, and on the demonstrable fact that all Americans, young and old, are less loyal to the major parties than ever before in this century. Nevertheless, several hard realities make 1972 an unpropitious year for a fourth party to get started. Neither of the major parties is falling apart. This is not, as some have argued, a period like 1856-1860, when the Whigs disintegrated and the Republicans quickly took their place. Moreover, the divisive forces that were present in 1968 have diminished, not increased, over the past three years. Disaffected liberals in 1968 had good reason to abandon the Democrats; today the incentive is to defeat Richard Nixon, to rally around the Democratic spear-carrier no matter who he may be. This incentive is strongest for workers and blacks, who can ill afford extended Republican rule.

Nor is there a Bull Moose in sight. Nader denies fourth-party ambitions in Shermanesque terms. John Lindsay gazes at the Democratic primaries, at least initially, as does Eugene McCarthy, who talks of giving the Democrats a chance to redeem themselves, and only then citing their possible failure as grounds for a fourth party breakaway. Among others who might be willing to lead a fourth party, none has a constituency broad enough to attract mass defections from both major parties.

Into this picture step the fourth party organizers who met in Albuquerque over Independence Day weekend. Sociologically they represent a small segment of the American electorate – almost all are white, middle-class intellectuals. Politically they are somewhat more variegated, including recently disenchanted Democrats and long-time radicals who see some limited utility in electoral politics. Most of the ex-Democrats are affiliated with the Washington-based New Party, an entity created by Marcus Raskin, Martin Carnoy and others after Robert Kennedy's assassination. The fourth party's more radical elements, in style if not in ideology, come largely from California's Peace and Freedom Party, which ran Eldridge Cleaver for President in 1968 and has moved somewhat closer to the mainstream since then. Dr. Benjamin Spock and author Gore Vidal, co-chairmen of the New Party, are the most prominent personalities thus far associated with the venture.

At Albuquerque, some 100 representatives of these and other small political groupings (none of which has received more than three percent of the vote in any state or federal election) united under a banner called the Coalition. Because about half the states (perhaps unconstitutionally) require minor parties to select their presidential candidates before petitioning for a place on the ballot, the Coalition will hold a nominating convention this November. In the intervening months it will attempt to broaden its base by inviting civil rights, welfare rights, antiwar and dissident labor groups to send delegates to the November convention and participate in nominating both the presidential ticket and a shadow cabinet.

Having to hold its convention months before the first Democratic primary presents the fourth party with certain tactical difficulties. No major political leaders or significant constituencies are likely to join the Coalition until the Democratic nominee is known. This means the fourth party will have to select a relatively obscure presidential candidate and will lose a considerable amount of late-inning flexibility. McCarthy, for example, would be unable to take the Coalition nomination after the Democratic convention in July; he could only support the Coalition's existing nominee, or run on another ticket in those states where it was still possible to get on the ballot.

Without a widely known candidate or advance knowledge of who the Democratic nominee is to be, the Coalition will find it difficult to raise money. Some Coalition members are not distressed by this; they feel a radical movement should organize around issues, not personalities, and that money and big-name leadership are antithetical to the fourth party's ideological integrity. It's a nice notion, but not practical, especially for a party that lacks a strong mass base.

Given the nature of American politics, the Coalition's success in 1972 will depend almost entirely upon its presidential candidate. Vidal, Robert Kunst of the New Party, and many others believe that Ralph Nader would be the ideal nominee: he's a nonpolitician, is trusted by young people, widely respected by Middle Americans, and could, conceivably, win. (If Gallup and Harris want to be adventurous they might test-run Nader against Nixon, Wallace and some Democrats.) But Nader has said no to a fourth party bid in 1972, and many Coalition radicals feel he's too authoritarian anyway, and they distrust McCarthy and Lindsay.

Other possibilities include Wayne Morse, Julian Bond, Congressman Ron Dellums of Berkeley and Commissioner Nicholas Johnson of the Federal Communications Commission. Morse is admired for his early outspokenness on Vietnam, but is probably too old to be a credible candidate. Bond and Dellums are sympathetic to the Coalition's goals, but doubtful that a fourth party is the proper course for blacks in 1972. Johnson is young, energetic, and though relatively little known, could probably win the Coalition nomination if he wants it.

But will he, or anyone else of national reputation,

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want it? At the moment the Coalition has little more to offer than a low-budget ride to historical obscurity. Spock has been offering policy committee positions to antiwar academicians, and even they, with relatively little to lose, have been reluctant. If the fourth party is to gain momentum in 1972, it badly needs a push, and it isn't clear from where the push will come.

The creation of a viable left-wing party has been a dream of many progressives for more than a century. America remains the only major industrialized democracy that lacks a strong labor or socialist party. The Coalition is an attempt to fill this void, though unlike previous third parties its primary constituency is not workers or farmers but what has come to be known as the counter-culture. Spock considers it important that the counter-culture have a channel for expressing its political feelings without disillusionment ("it would be tragic for young people to get their hopes up about Muskie and then turn cynical again"), but can a major left-wing party grow from such a limited base? Perhaps so, though it will require a bit less purity, and a lot more political slickness, than many Coalition members seem ready to accept.

Voters in America *are* restless. There is every likelihood, as Fred Dutton has noted in *Changing Sources of Power: American Politics in the 1970s*, that they will become more so as the decade progresses. The trick is to translate their unease into a progressive political realignment. The Coalition seems unlikely to pull this off in 1972, but its founders believe they are building not so much for the next election as for the next generation.

## Justice in Chicago

# Panther Raid Coverup

## by James W. Singer and Thomas J. Dolan

*Chicago*

On December 4, 1969, 14 state's attorney's police raided a Black Panther apartment on the West Side here, killing two young Panther leaders, Fred Hampton and Mark Clark, and triggering a bizarre series of developments soon to reach a predictable climas. (See "Black Panther Killings in Chicago," by Christopher Chandler, *NR* Jan. 10, 1970.) The latest part of the story began unfolding in late April when word got out that a special Cook County grand jury had voted to indict fiery State's Attorney Edward V. Hanrahan, a protege of Mayor Richard J. Daley, and others for allegedly covering up the facts of the raid. The word reached Chief Criminal Court Judge Joseph A. Power, a Daley Democrat, who quickly summoned the grand jury to an extraordinary session and said he would not accept any indictments until the jury heard more witnesses, including Hanrahan.

Barnabas F. Sears, the special prosecutor appointed by Judge Power, later balked at the command to call more witnesses and was fined $50 an hour by the judge for contempt of court until he did so. Others joined the battle, the issues widened and the fight was carried to the Illinois Supreme Court, which handed down a decision late last month. Since then, the grand jury has returned a sealed indictment, reportedly reaffirming its earlier decision to indict Hanrahan and others for conspiring to obstruct justice and to name Police Superintendent James B. Conlisk Jr. as an unindicted co-conspirator. Judge Power has scheduled a hearing for August 5 to determine whether to suppress the indictment. The chances are considered very good that he will.

It all began before dawn on December 4, 1969, when the state's attorney's police, equipped with a submachine gun, shotguns, revolvers and a search warrant for illegal weapons arrived at 2337 W. Monroe. The Panthers charge that the police entered the apartment with guns blazing on a "search-and-destroy" mission and murdered Fred Hampton, 21, chairman of the Illinois Black Panther Party, in his bed. The police contend that the raiders, after knocking on the door and announcing their purpose, were greeted with a shotgun blast and continued to receive a steady stream of fire from the Panthers, even though the police called for a halt three times.

To counteract what he termed prejudicial coverage by the media, State's Attorney Hanrahan released his

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official version of the raid – along with four photographs of the scene – exclusively to *The Chicago Tribune* and had the raiders reenact the event for one television station. The day after the photographs were printed it was discovered that in one of them, the alleged bullet holes from Panther guns were actually nailheads.

Hanrahan, 50, has built a reputation as a scrappy prosecutor and an abrasive personality, outspoken in his crusades against organized crime, black street gangs and judges he considers too lenient. The Democratic machine has been good to him: he has been, among other things, a precinct captain, assistant corporation counsel and US Attorney here. He was slated for, and elected to, his present post in 1968.

A few weeks after the raid, Police Superintendent Conlisk announced that the department's investigation revealed "no misconduct by the police officers involved." A special coroner's jury soon returned verdicts of justifiable homicide in the deaths of Hampton and Clark. None of the seven Panthers who survived the raid testified. "It [the result] is recognition – by an independent, objective agency – of the truthfulness of our police officers' account of the events of December 4," Hanrahan commented.

The seven surviving Panthers were indicted by a Cook County grand jury in late January, 1970 for attempted murder and armed violence, among other things. All the charges were dropped on May 8, however, a week before a federal grand jury issued a devastating report about the raid. An aide of Hanrahan's said the charges were dropped because the police had mishandled the evidence, making it unsuitable for use at a trial. The day before the federal report was released, the police department announced a major shakeup, including the demotion of the top two men in charge of internal inspections.

The 243-page federal report, issued on May 15 and concluding a five-month investigation, rocked Chicago. The grand jury concluded that the police fired between 82 and 99 shots during the raid and that the Panthers fired once. "Unquestionably, the raid was not professionally planned or properly executed and the result of the raid was two deaths, four injuries and seven improper charges," the jury said.

It found that assistant state's attorneys and policemen with the Internal Inspections Division prepared questions and answers for the 14 raiding policemen to use when interrogated by the inspections division, whose performance it labeled "so seriously deficient that it suggests purposeful malfeasance." As for Hanrahan, the grand jury said: "While we can understand the state's attorney's position – that he felt obliged to respond to widely published charges made by Panther spokesmen – the jurors cannot accept this as justifying the extraordinary television show or the exclusive (and in part erroneous) *Chicago Tribune* account."

The grand jury, which was impaneled to determine whether the Panther's civil rights had been violated, criticized the seven surviving Panthers for refusing to testify and concluded that, without their cooperation, there was insufficient evidence to return any indictments. Hanrahan soon transferred nine of the 14 raiding policemen out of his office.

After the report was issued, there was a widespread public demand for a special Cook County grand jury to investigate the raid and its aftermath for all possible violations of state law. Hanrahan originally opposed the idea, then changed his mind. On June 26, Power designated Sears as special prosecutor to press a broad investigation.

Sears, 68, had impeccable Establishment credentials—Republican, president of the American College of Trial Lawyers, past president of the Illinois State Bar Association, past chairman of the American Bar Association's House of Delegates and partner in a prestigious Chicago law firm. He had handled a sensitive case a decade ago when he won convictions against eight Chicago policeman involved in a burglary ring. He was known to be "absolutely honest."

The special grand jury went to work – after Sears and his staff studied the federal grand jury transcript – on December 7, almost a year to the day after the raid. On April 22, word began to spread from the Criminal Courts Building that the grand jury had decided to indict certain high prosecuting officials and policemen for conspiring to obstruct justice by covering up the facts of the raid.

There were three developments that morning: Sears announced that the grand jury was about to report its findings to Power; Hanrahan, who had been invited to testify by the grand jury for months, suddenly indicated his willingness to appear, and Power ordered Sears, his staff and the grand jury to a closed meeting that afternoon. Power, a proud man with an icy demeanor and a short fuse, had been a member of the same law firm where the mayor, US District Court Judge William J. Lynch and Circuit Court Judge George J. Schaller once toiled. He still lves in the house in the Bridgeport neighborhood – Daley's neighborhood – where he was born.

At the secret session the afternoon of April 22, Power ordered Sears to call the witnesses who had testified before the federal grand jury and who had not testified before the special grand jury, including Hanrahan. The judge said he would refuse to accept any indictments unless the remaining witnesses were called. The jury voted to hear Hanrahan, but refused to call any other witnesses. Later Thursday, Hanrahan hurried to City Hall to confer with the mayor. Daley told a reporter that the prosecutor "just stopped by to say hello." The reporter asked if they discussed the grand jury. "What grand jury?" the mayor replied.

Sears publicly criticized Judge Power after the closed meeting for interfering with the grand jury, maintain-

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ing that such a body is independent and has the power to conduct an investigation in its own way. He said the meeting, because requested by the judge, was not a regular grand jury session and therefore should have been public. Regular grand jury proceedings are secret and without a presiding judge, except where one has been requested by the jury to provide instructions.

Interest mounted over the weekend, with Hanrahan and Conlisk being publicly named for the first time on Saturday, April 24. The Sunday papers trumpeted the story. The *Tribune*, in its early Monday editions, carried a piece saying that Sears and his staff had pressured the grand jury into voting an indictment. There are those who claim that the article, which was softened in later editions of the paper, was planted by a person close to Hanrahan. It certainly has not hurt his cause.

There were more extraordinary developments on Monday, April 26. Power held an open meeting of the grand jury and in a stormy session fined Sears $50 an hour for contempt for refusing to call more witnesses and $100 for contempt for his public criticism of the judge. An attorney appeared on behalf of a policeman who had been mentioned as under investigation and moved that the grand jury be dismissed because, he said, it was "prejudiced beyond redemption" by the publicity generated by Sears.

Hanrahan began testifying before the grand jury on Tuesday, April 27. A few days later, two more attorneys – representing 12 of the raiding policemen and three assistant state's attorneys – filed motions alleging that Sears had improperly pressured the grand jury into voting an indictment. Their source was the *Tribune* story. They asked Judge Power to question each juror in private and to dismiss the jury and quash any indictment should he uphold their claim.

On May 17, Power ruled that the various petitioners had legal standing and ordered Sears to deliver the transcript of the grand jury proceedings to him so he could determine whether the jurors had been improperly influenced. He further ordered that any indictments that might be voted be kept secret until he completed studying the transcript.

The state Supreme Court handed down its decision on June 23 on the several rulings by Judge Power that had been appealed by the special prosecutor. The court vacated the fine of $50 an hour levied against the prosecutor for refusing to call more witnesses, holding that Power did not have the authority to make such an order under the existing circumstances. It said the $100 fine against Sears could not stand without a hearing. And the court ruled that Power had the right to examine the grand jury transcript and to meet with all the jurors – if so requested by them – to determine whether they had received improper evidence or had been improperly pressured by the prosecutors. "That a court may act prior to indictment to prevent injustice and abuse is settled law," the court said.

The next day the grand jury returned an indictment to Power, who ordered it sealed while he studies the transcript for a hearing on August 5. The three intervening attorneys refiled motions to quash any indictment. The next big move presumably is up to Judge Power, the friend and neighbor of the mayor who is in a position to bail out Edward V. Hanrahan, a protege of the mayor whose career is on the line.

## Cold Turkey

# Heroin: The Source of Supply

## by Eliot Marshall

Turkey has promised to stop growing all opium poppies by June 1972, and President Nixon in return has promised Turkish farmers at least $3 million to help them change over to other crops. Additional economic and technical assistance will come later. At first glance, the President's Turkish agreement appears to be an inexpensive, effective step towards solving our heroin problem. Most officials say that 80 percent of the heroin sold in this country comes from Turkish poppies, and congressmen in desperation last month were talking about buying the entire crop for $6 million. Now this major source will be drying up. But many people do not realize that heroin is also refined from poppies grown in Iran, Afghanistan, Mexico, Pakistan, India, Burma, Thailand, Laos, and Vietnam. And even if all

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the poppies in the world were destroyed today, there is enough stockpiled heroin to last for a year or more. The December 1970 Report of the Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs says that heroin dealers have never been hard-pressed for supplies: "The market has demonstrated a continuous flexibility in replacing sources of supplies that have been eliminated, in responding to shifts in demand, and in devising new traffic routes."

Shutting down the Turkish opium route may have some effect in the US two or three years from now, but it is likely to do no more than drive the industry farther east. An agent at BNDD guesses that the 80 percent figure quoted by officials is already inaccurate; he thinks that Turkey has supplied only 50 percent of US heroin for the last year, with Mexico and Southeast Asia contributing 25 percent each. Another expert, formerly associated with Interpol, fears that heroin traffic will change hands from the relatively tight-knit criminal syndicates (often identified as the Corsican Mafia) to a widespread, disorganized operation dealing with Southeast Asia. Heroin was first spotted there in January of 1970, and since then production has boomed, almost exclusively directed towards American buyers.

Amateur traffickers, like most of the present marijuana dealers, are more difficult to isolate and control

*We should have developed an ABM system for* that *H-bomb.*

than the syndicates. Already the GIs returning from Vietnam have laid the groundwork for an entirely new pattern of heroin smuggling and addiction. Because Asian heroin is readily available and easy to conceal, soldiers bring it home hidden in jeeps, airplanes, and baggage just as they once brought home forbidden Nazi Lugers and Japanese ceremonial swords. The BNDD agent says that West Coast customs agents have been working frantically for the last three months to tighten inspection procedures and keep up with the volume of contraband. Just three months ago they were ordered to begin inspecting military personnel and baggage returning from Vietnam, and now they face an overwhelming backlog.

Congress and the administration suddenly recognized the new heroin threat in late spring and responded with a series of emergency proposals. One approach has been punitive, directed at stopping the supply at its source. Frank Church (D, Idaho) in the Senate and John Monagan (D, Conn.) in the House have drawn up similar anti-drug amendments to the Foreign Assistance Act of 1961. They would cut off all US military and economic aid to any country not working hard enough to stop narcotic drug production within its borders. The President would have final say in each case on whether or not to invoke the amendment.

A bill proposed by Senator Edmund Muskie (D, Me.) and Representative James Scheuer (D, NY) emphasizes constructive aid; instead of asking for a cutoff, they propose that the US give money to organizations or countries willing to fight illegal drug traffic. Scheuer says the $2 million pledged to the UN drug-fighting agency this year is insufficient. He would like to see $20-or $25 million turned over, preferably to the UN, for law enforcement and special farm programs to phase out poppy harvesting.

Scheuer believes that threats to cut off US aid have never succeeded in winning countries to our way of thinking. The "Hickenlooper amendment," which allows the President to stop aid to any nation that seizes US property without justification, has never been invoked, because no one believed it would accomplish anything. The State Department objects strongly to this sort of punitive legislation on the grounds that it would damage US relations with allies, without having any effect on heroin smuggling. The countries most likely to be affected by such a bill – Laos, Thailand, and South Vietnam – probably would be unable to stop drug traffic even if they wanted to. Poppy farms usually operate in remote border areas where governments have little control; and when government forces are present, corrupt officials use men and equipment in their command to protect their own investment in the drug market. Laos is notorious for corruption; the official, US-subsidized airline is known locally as "Air Opium." Rep. Robert Steele (R, Conn.), testifying before a House Foreign Affairs subcommittee on July 8,

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named the chief of staff of the Laotian army and the South Vietnamese commanding general of II Corps as "chief traffickers" in narcotics. They both have good political connections.

Some of the major heroin-producing countries are not influenced by US diplomacy at all. Burma, which produces more illicit opium than any other nation, gets no American aid. Neither do Mexico, France, or Iran, all of which harbor heroin manufacturers. There is little chance that the US can kill heroin at its source in the foreseeable future.

Senator Harold Hughes (D, Iowa) and President Nixon have offered bills placing greater emphasis on reducing the demand for heroin. Hughes presented his first proposal on June 9 as an amendment to the 1971 draft bill. He was concerned that, first, the military was doing nothing to counteract the spread of drug abuse within its ranks, and second, that drug offenders were subject to harsh treatment once discovered. Hughes' amendment was the most thorough and detailed of the proposals which appeared in a flurry after Congress heard an official report telling of 10 to 15 percent drug addiction among Vietnam troops. The army begged off by saying that most drug abusers bring their habit with them into the service. Hughes replied to this with a provision that all draftees should be tested by urinalysis before acceptance. Those who register positive would be referred to civilian rehabilitation centers Next, he would have the army test itself for drug offenders. In the past, addicts were often court-martialed or discharged dishonorably, making them ineligible for medical treatment, veterans' benefits, or further government employment. Hughes' amendment requires the branches of the military to grant amnesty to personnel in need of treatment, offer them help in shaking their dependency, and restore them to useful service if they cooperate.

The chief difference in Hughes' approach from the present system is that it places more of a burden on the Defense Department to care for its own. Hughes believes that once the military knows it must spend time and money on this problem, it will show more enthusiasm. Further, his amendment sets a precedent which will make it easier from now on to treat drug dependency as something akin to a communicable disease.

On June 17, President Nixon announced his own plan to deal with drugs in the military by setting up a "Special Action Office for Drug Abuse Prevention" at home. At his command, he said, the Army would begin testing all personnel leaving Vietnam. Those with traces of heroin in their blood would be held for a week of detoxification and then turned over to rehabilitation centers in the US for 30 days. Hughes believes that this provides inadequate treatment and still leaves the discharged drug offender stripped of regular medical benefits. Coercive programs have never been successful in curing heroin addiction, and experts believe that the army's 30-day quick-cure will not stop a steady user.

There is evidence that many soldiers on drugs have found ways to trick the test. One heroin user told a *New York Times* correspondent that he drank beer all morning and offered "damn near pure water" for urinalysis. He was passed, as are other addicts who simply go without drugs for several days before the test. One of the leading researchers in drug addiction says that detecting this sort of "cheater" is almost impossible. Only someone with long experience in a drug clinic can tell the difference between the symptoms of a common cold and mild heroin withdrawal.

The army says that since 1969 it has followed a policy of amnesty for drug users who turn themselves in, and the Defense Department issued a directive this month requiring the other services to follow suit. VA hospitals will now accept most drug-addicted veterans for medical or psychiatric care, but not those with a dishonorable discharge. US Code states that "Incapacitation due to use of drugs or alcohol" makes a veteran ineligible for medical benefits, but Deputy Defense Secretary Packard recently announced that all dishonorable discharge cases will be reviewed to see whether they should be readmitted for drug treatment. Senator Hughes wants to make rehabilitation programs available to all veterans, and he wants the military to grant honorable discharges to GIs who successfully graduate from them.

Both the Nixon drug abuse bill (June 17) and Hughes' second bill, which came about two weeks later, provide machinery for a new federal agency. Hughes' bill, which is bolder and more detailed than the administration's, proposes three major projects to cope with drug abuse. They include a $100-million experimental fund to aid the states, a $180-million experimental addict treatment project, and a $60-million increase in funding for community mental health centers. When the administration drew up its scheme to coordinate federal anti-drug projects under one director, it left out three key offices: the Departments of Defense, Justice, and State. Hughes' bill would empower the new director to supervise drug planning in these heretofore untouchable departments.

The Hughes bill is more expensive than Nixon's – by about $360 million. An aide to Senator Muskie (co-sponsor with Hughes) points out that approximately half of Nixon's budget comes from "old money," that is, from funds already authorized for other agencies. In other words, Nixon is collecting a lot of old projects into one box with a new director. Hughes is trying to start some new ones as well. The President says the country faces a "national emergency" with the spread of drug abuse. If this is so, Congress should be willing to pay emergency prices for a new approach to the crisis. Maybe some of the money that used to send soldiers to Vietnam can be used to cure them at home.

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# Stanley Kauffmann from Germany

## Watching on the Rhine

Two weeks ago I reported on theater and film in Frankfurt and Hamburg. Now to the Rhine valley, Munich and Berlin.

*Düsseldorf.* The Schauspielhaus, like many other German theaters and opera houses, was built after the war. It is one of the handsomest new theater buildings I've seen anywhere, set on the edge of a park filled with great trees. But the building is better than the show. I see Molière's *Tartuffe* in a shabby production, poorly lighted and routinely acted. The one interesting element is the Tartuffe himself, played by Karl-Heinz Martell (directed by Werner Kraut). This Tartuffe glides, his torso seeming to follow his legs, and he is wigged and bearded to look like a sick Karamazov brother. Without losing the comedy of hypocrisy, Martell suggests that Tartuffe is not an utter faker, that he at least had some weak ambition toward a religious life. In the entrapment scene with Elmire, his anger at her for exciting him gives the part an added dimension. Stanislavsky said that when you play a miser, you should look for his generous moments. Martell has heard.

In contrast with this production, *Eugene Onegin* at the Opera is incredibly lavish. (And proves again that Tschaikowsky, whatever he lacks as a symphonist, was a masterly theater writer. The duel scene, for instance, is a moment of genius.)

Next day I meet Wilhelm Berner, the *Dramaturg* of the Schauspielhaus, a tall, worried-looking man wearing formal tie and informal windbreaker. He tells me that this is the busiest theater in Germany. They give two performances a night – at the Grosses Haus and the Kleines Haus (their experimental stage) – seven nights a week. They also play a circuit of ten towns roundabout. The state as well as the city contributes to their budget, so they have to play throughout the state. Sometimes they have four different companies doing four different plays on the same night. They also give children's matinees. (Sixty-six actors on the payroll.)

Berner works very closely with the *Intendant,* Karl Heinz Stroux, and is proud that during their years here – he 10, Stroux 15 – they have given many premieres of German plays, German premieres of foreign plays, and even some world premieres of foreign plays, by Ionesco and Neruda, among others. They are now preparing the German premiere of Berrigan's *The Trial of the Catonsville Nine,* the first play of the new season in late August. (They have six weeks off a year.)

But Stroux and he are leaving Düsseldorf at the end of next season. The theater trustees are catering, he says, to the demands of young "communistic" elements and of older people, including some critics, who pander to the young. Berner is bitter because he feels that he and Stroux have worked hard to keep their theater vital and contemporary.

Film here is as dismal as in Frankfurt and Hamburg – the level of what's available is far below that of comparable American cities. A few "revival" series; TV has lots of (dubbed) good films. But theaters are jammed with domestic and imported junk. The chief reason I hear for the scarcity of new German film talent is that distributors won't give house-room to anything but this junk.

*Cologne.* Klaus Schöning is a different kind of *Dramaturg* – for the Third Program (serious material) of the Westdeutscher Rundfunk (radio network). On the way to the Rundfunk building, I cross the square in front of the great cathedral, which took 700 years to complete and survived the war virtually intact. Schöning's office, decorated with pop art, looks out on the cathedral front.

He is congenial, young, long-haired. He tells me that he's responsible for finding 100 plays of varying lengths for each six-month season. He has been at WDR for eight years and has edited two volumes of radio plays. Their typography alone confirms what I've heard of his interest in the avant-garde. He also confirms that many poets and novelists are more eager to write for radio than for TV or film or theater. He commissioned Peter Handke, among many others, to write his first radio play, and has just commissioned Robert Creeley, the American poet. (And has the right translator, he says.)

Now he's starting a series of what he calls *Hörspot* – literally hear-spots – five-minute plays to shove in at odd moments in the schedule. For instance, after the news, a quick political satire, just so people won't take politicians too pontifically. Won't there be opposition? I ask. He shrugs. All the political parties want to influence the media, he says, but their chief interest is in programs of comment, particularly on TV, which has the biggest audience. So he is relatively free. "For the moment," he adds with a laugh.

I see two plays in Cologne. At a tiny cafe'-theater called the Senftöpfchen (the little mustard-pot), there's a dress rehearsal of a likable two-character trifle, with an untranslatable punning title, by Karl Wittlinger. It's played by Curt Reich, who directed, and his wife, Ruth Köppler. She, pleasantly bare-bosomed most of the time, is skillful. Reich, round-faced and slightly beefy, is a born comic actor, immediately winning. Maybe it's the "continental" circumstances, but this light, one-joke play (too trivial to explain) amuses me throughout.

And next night, at the Schauspielhaus, Tolstoy's *And the Light Shines in Darkness*! Designs and textual adaptation by the novelist Heinrich Böll. Another overwhelming physical production – and, again, just one item in a big repertoire. Constructivist in style, the show has large units that roll in and out, turntables, even a complete field of wheat! The asylum scenes suggest that the director, David Esrig, has seen Peter Brook's *Marat/Sade;* his direction throughout is rather italicized, but he and Böll have done their damnedest to keep Tolstoi's late, tractarian play from being a bore. They almost succeed.

It strikes me that where these old city-states used to compete in trade and in war, they now compete in the lavishness and novelty of their theater and opera productions.

*Stuttgart.* Jörg Wehmeier, gray-haired and courteous, is the *Dramaturg* of the Staatstheater. Every theater has its particular pride; his is that this is the most political theater in Germany. I comment on the astonishing way that the Germans insisted on having new theaters (where old ones had been destroyed) and subsidized companies so quickly after the war. He is less impressed. He says it was just what we would call culture-vulturism. As proof, he cites the trouble they have whenever they do

*(continued on page 33)*

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# Captivity on the Promo Circuit

*Richard Dudman's* 40 Days With the Enemy *(Liveright) is an account of his capture in Cambodia while overseas on assignment for the* St. Louis Post Dispatch.

Anyone who reads widely these days knows that anyone can write a book. The trick is to sell it, and a good way to begin is to get it reviewed in *Life*, if possible with a picture. A publicity firm retained by my publisher saw to that. A photographer was sent over, made several dozen pictures, and one was published. But it appeared in the adjoining review and was identified as a photograph of the other author, Richard Elman. Worse still, the review called me a "slightly stale office worker" and alleged that I had gone off to Cambodia at the age of 52 as a sort of last gasp to see if I could still cut the buck as a legman.

A tart reply seemed called for, and I wrote to *Life*'s editors suggesting that their reviewer must be a callow youth and advising them that if he walked three miles to work every day, gave up smoking and thought good thoughts he, too, could grow up to be able to run around in the jungle for 40 days, subsist on rice and occasional dog meat, and come out of it without ill effects.

A few days later a woman from *Life*'s Washington bureau telephoned to say she wanted to check a letter to the editor with me. Very professional, I thought; check all letters to be sure they are authentic. But her purpose was the opposite. She wanted my approval for a letter they had written over my name, something about the picture-caption mixup including a coy warning that Mr. Elman had better watch out if he ever was captured in Cambodia because the guerrillas might think he was an imposter.

I said I preferred to write my own letters and read the woman the text of the letter I had sent to their New York office. *Life* was good enough to use my own version.

The encounter with *Life* came after a number of joustings with television and radio, most of them jammed into a two-week leave of absence.

I showed up for a noon TV guest show in New York and found myself sandwiched between a female impersonator and an Indian maiden named Sasheen Littlefeather, who said she had gotten into pictures by winning a "Miss Vampire" contest. What they and some 30 other interviewers wanted to know was about my "ordeal" last summer of being captured by guerrillas while on assignment in Cambodia; but the ordeal of the promotional tour sometimes seemed tougher.

I had heard of such tours – how Elizabeth Carpenter drove her "Lizmobile" around the country to promote *Ruffles and Flourishes*, so was nice to the clerks in every bookstore I visited. I never pulled the old gag of pretending not to remember the exact title of my own book to see if they could remember it and could find it on the shelf. If I didn't recall the name of an old friend when the felt-tipped pen was poised over the flyleaf, I asked "Now, how would you like this inscribed?"

One of the first of the TV appearances, after the weird sendoff in New York, was the Bill Fields Show in St. Louis. I'd never seen Bill Fields before, but there he was, an arm flung across my shoulder, my oldest friend, "Dick! You survived!" He was the first of a string of Bills and Bobs and Dans and Dicks and Lees whom I had never known and never will.

On the Today Show, I turned up at dawn after a few hours sleep, having flown in from a late radio call-in show in Chicago the night before. The routine called for coffee and Danish, make-up, signing a legal release, sitting silently on camera for a momentary teaser, watching Hugh Downs feed a dog, and finally climbing into a chair for a 10-second "Hello" with Downs before we were on the air for the six-minute interview. An added starter was Maj. James N. Rowe, also a former prisoner in Indochina, but one who had been held five years instead of 40 days and who had fought his way out instead of being released. He maintained that the guerrillas were unmitigated monsters and suggested that my good treatment had been simply to butter me up to make propaganda for them.

Downs wanted to know how it was that Rowe had been starved and beaten and put in leg irons while I had been treated well. I explained that our roles were different. Rowe was a warrior, whose task was to kill the enemy; I was

## *Mylai Conversation*

Small Vietnamese boy, how old are you?
Six fingers, six years!
Why did you carry water to the wounded soldier?
Your father!
Your father, now dead, was enemy of free world.
You have given aid and comfort to enemy of free world.
You are now enemy of free world.
Who told you to carry water?
Your mother!
Your mother also is enemy of free world.
You go into ditch with your mother.
American politician has said
if we do not kill you as a boy, here,
in the elephant grass of Vietnam
we will have to kill you, as a man,
in the rye grass of U.S.A.
You understand, it is better to die
where you know the names of the birds
and trees and grass,
than in a strange country.
You will be number 128 in body count for today.
High body count will make commander-in-chief
of free world encouraged.
Good-bye, small six-year-old Vietnamese boy,
enemy of free world.

EUGENE J. MCCARTHY

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a reporter, assigned to understand and describe and explain the enemy and the war. As Barbara Walters slipped into place for the next segment, she asked, "Were you two guys talking about the same war?" (The Green Beret showed up again with me in Los Angeles, on film clips inserted into an hour-long TV interview with Robert K. Dornan. By that time I had read Major Rowe's book and could explain that he was put in leg irons because, when he didn't like the questions put to him by a guerrilla interrogator, Rowe jabbed him in the abdomen with four stiff fingers and followed with a chop to the windpipe.)

After the Today Show, I raced my cab to the Newark Airport and made it back to Chicago for a recording of Studs Terkel's radio program. Then out of the studio and into a cab to the Merchandise Mart for a late-at-night television talk run by Irv Kupcinet, with other guests including Senator Hubert H. Humphrey. Humphrey excused himself early. I stayed to the end, leaving barely enough time to make a later appointment for an interview at WCFL, the radio station of the Chicago Federation of Labor. A young woman there said with some embarrassment that they had tried to reach me at Kup's Show to tell me that my interview had been canceled. Senators Humphrey and George McGovern were already being made up for an interview that had pre-empted my time. It's hard to keep ahead of the pros.

Rush-hour Chicago traffic was thick, but I made it to O'Hare Airport for the flight to the West Coast, where the highlight was Owen Spann's radio talk program in a show-window on Golden Gate Avenue, at the edge of the Tenderloin district. Spann asked me about life with the guerrillas in Cambodia; an occasional rambling question came in by telephone; one drunk or addict after another staggered up to the window to stare or bang on the glass; the police arrived.

The war was still pretty big in Los Angeles, and radio and TV hosts twice put me on with James Drury, star of the canceled serial "The Virginian" and now the poor man's John Wayne. Drury was campaigning for a quick victory in Vietnam, contending that bombing Haiphong harbor would win the war in two days. The third day in Los Angeles, the wildest of the whole tour, had a schedule (11 interviews) that looked barely possible if there were no delays and I didn't get caught in a traffic snarl. We started with a daybreak news show, where I was paired with an expert on grunions, small fish that were running at the time, and the chairman of a paperweight manufacturers' convention. On to interviews with *Women's Wear Daily* in the Polo Lounge of the Beverly Hills Hotel and with *Variety* at the Hollywood Brown Derby. We just made it to a luncheon at the Los Angeles Press Club with a television and two radio interviews before my speech started and a brief interruption by a young man with a tape recorder. Then a half-hour radio taping with some young volunteer interviewers at the Pacifica Foundation station and a telephone interview with someone never identified.

Finally, in Hollywood, there was tall and buxom Virginia Graham, telling a hippie comic she was glad he had stopped smoking marijuana, telling James Drury that he had a perfect television manner, and asking me, wickedly, to come on, now, tell what *really* happened in the jungle.

**Richard Dudman**

# Reform Without Perspective

## Fragments of a Lesson Plan
## By Robert Belenky

(Beacon; $7.50)

Early in February I was seduced into wasting the better parts of five days at a YMCA camp in Canton, Massachusetts, attending a conference organized around the thought and presence of Paulo Freire and peopled by about 40 souls, mostly young, who were into or getting into educating the oppressed in their local barrio or ghetto. Freire is a noted and controversial Brazilian educator, a Christian-Marxist, who worked among the peasants of South America teaching them to read and leading them on to political action – a Sylvia Ashton-Warner, but among adults and with politics. The conference began with a multi-media show (multi equals two: visual noise and audial noise), which we weren't – as it turned out – supposed to like. We then sat about in a large circle introducing ourselves and making our smart and wise remarks about the multi-media thing, being led through this circular discussion by someone of whom it was claimed that he was an internationally famous T-group leader. I hadn't previously thought that things had gotten *that* bad: that being such a one, a person could be internationally known for it.

That was the last time we really sat together, for the conference rather quickly broke down into several caucuses: a Third World caucus (a dozen or so blacks and browns), an anthropology department chairmen's caucus of two, a dissident caucus (Anita Moses of Children's Community School in New York, Peter Marin, and me), and a large group that can only be characterized as the White Guilt caucus.

The White Guilt caucus under the orchestration of the No. 1 T-group leader mostly worried about how it could possibly become the liberator when in fact it was the oppressor or at least until it understood that fact and had come to terms with it – which I guess is a problem. So it worried its guilt complex for five days to no end. And politics were none of its concern.

Robert Belenky's book reminds me of the Freire conference, of the White Guilt caucus. In fact Robert Belenky was at the conference, a member of that caucus. And this book shows us that for eighteen years he has worried his problems, working among America's urban oppressed, to no end.

The book is literally fragments, having been put together out of Belenky's memos (received and sent), notes, letters, interviews – woven together in no tidy or principled way. It ends with a parenthetical question – "(So what's the point already?)" – that should at least delight readers who have felt they *missed* the point. More precisely, they

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will be happy to know that the author doesn't understand of what lesson plan these pages are the fragments.

Consider the many topics of Belenky's concern and his disposition of them:

Chapter One: Trouble in School. There is trouble in the Boston schools: Louise Day Hicks is elected well to the school committee, teachers beat on kids and kids on teachers, and everybody is bored. Belenky gets thrown out. There is trouble in the reform schools: kids beat on matrons, matrons beat on kids and throw them in solitary confinement. Belenky: "I quit rather than be fired. . . . That was the critical mistake. I should have fought like a wolf to remain and, had they fired me, I should have returned as a volunteer with a fleet of reporters and a ragtag army of the unworthy poor."

Chapter Two: Playroom 81. Belenky and a colleague recruit a black man, Jim Reed, and all together they organize the mothers and start a drop-in center, a pre-school, a nursery school in the black part of a Boston housing project. Jim Reed: "There were problems with the Playroom. I still think there should have been more demonstrations on the part of the mothers to confront the power structure. . . . Bob and I had different philosophies. A black man in charge would have gotten the mothers up in arms down to City Hall!"

Chapter Three: Summer Interlude. Belenky as professor-in-residence at a summer camp "for poor kids exclusively." This section is chiefly made up of the more or less banal notes kept by various of the camp's counselors. Belenky's own conclusions are not only banal ("Many things happened this summer. No one had an easy time.") but also finally useless:

> Lots of ideas came out of that camp experience. That fall I wrote three separate proposals for different kinds of summer utopias in which kids and adults, rich and poor, professors, students, workers unemployed, and captains of industry could all be blended in together; . . . . Meanwhile, life spun on and that particular fantasy was left behind.

Nothing, of course, of what would follow from getting all these people together.

Chapter Four: The Mental Health Worker. We now find Belenky working out of the Massachusetts Mental Health Center in his assigned area, Boston's Jamaica Plain, among bikies, junkies, and captains of lower class life, Belenky's romantic heroes: Pirate Kings, Calvinist-Muslims, and Natural Men. In this and the next section of the book they are presented (wrongly) as kindly, atheoretical, unprogrammatic men and women whose goal is to get the kids around them to cope with the unfairness and oppression of their lives not to change the conditions of their lives. But this is only Belenky's rendering of them, for in the flesh they are intensely political people whose vision reaches far beyond coping with the world to changing it. This the author cannot render because his vision is more limited than theirs. Thus he admires them all mightily but superficially.

Chapter Five: Saints and Sinners. Belenky has seven people speak for themselves, seven people of lower class communities who have in their ways worked in them. Of these seven he says, "In his own way, each has done something to help others make something of their lives. Each has been extraordinarily effective in some ways and has failed in others. I think that each has part of the answer. Collectively they represent an approach, a way of thinking about social and personal problems that makes sense." But in the absence of any analysis or synthesis on Belenky's part, it is not at all clear what "the answer" is, where these people are right or where they are wrong. Belenky keeps saying that there are lots of good ideas out there among real people and professionals should pay attention to that. But saying it entails that there are lots of bad and indifferent ideas too. He should at least engage in some preliminary sorting. What *are* the good ideas anyway?

Chapter Six: Ruminations and Obsessions. Here – if anywhere – we might expect some coming together of the various pieces of the book for it is now Belenky talking more or less directly to his reader instead of through other people and parenthetically among them. But in fact what we get is more fragments (some of them mutually contradictory) and a view into some of Belenky's painful dilemmas. E.g., what is a professional? Earlier he has said, "A professional is a moral leader; a species of priest." Now he emerges as "an *agent provocateur*" and a "Guerrilla General" – worse and worse. And what is an educator? A marvelously disengaged creature whose thrust should *not* be toward revolution and from whom people should learn to cope. Yet the educator must also be that terribly concerned White-Guilt caucus guy working for liberation. One cannot be all this, especially if you are what Belenky considers himself: "an atheoretical, unprogrammatic good-guy." The real generals and leaders of this book are as a result its people; its priests too.

Chapter Seven: Victory. "A Little Entertainment: *John Henry*, a Radio Play" is interrupted now and again by a chronologically ordered set of Belenky's ambiguous notes and queries reaching to a bewildered conclusion. Symbolically I think we are to take Belenky as a modern John Henry fighting to the death against the Machine. Or is he the Machine against whom the people of this book must fight? Anyway he does fight and die. Or does he? That's the trouble, isn't it, with ambiguous symbols.

Jonathan Kozol has said of Belenky's fragments: "It is probably too much to expect that people in the power-structure will be changed by what he says, but it is worth a prayer or two." But I don't think that anyone in the power structure has reason to worry, to feel threatened, to want to change, or that we need pray: certainly not because of this book or this person. In fact, Belenky is his unwitting friend, a sensitive, feeling man who is bothered by Vietnam, Mylai, kids on drugs and in prison, and all that, but a man with no social-political perspective on any of the things that bother him. Though operating always in intensely political situations, this self-proclaimed gadfly remains apolitical, therefore undangerous.

Watch out, though, for the people in the book – some of them – ; they are political, they are revolutionaries. And they will not be denied.

**Wayne O'Neil**

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NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

EUGENE J. MCCARTHY's *book of poems,* Other Things and the Aardvaark *(Doubleday), was published last fall.* VIRGINIA FREEHAFER *has recently completed a research project on social trends in the Brazilian northeast.* JOHN GREENYA *is president of Writing, Inc. in Washington, DC.* WAYNE O'NEIL *teaches humanities and linguistics at MIT.*

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# Deeper and Deeper

## Revolution Next Door Latin America in the 1970s by Gary MacEoin

(Holt, Rinehart and Winston; $6.95)

Gary MacEoin assembles the necessary facts to prove that revolution next door is inevitable. The Alliance for Progress has failed, and the reforms agreed on at Punta del Este have been blocked whenever anyone has tried to implement them. The disturbing new element in this book lies in the plentiful evidence that the United States may already be so enmeshed in Latin American economies as to find difficulty in disengagement when the firing begins. The situation is comparable to the early years in Vietnam when the extent of our involvement was large but hard to see.

Once again the role of imperialism is the cause. The Swedish authority, Gunnar Myrdal, is quoted as roughly estimating that "directly or indirectly through joint enterprises or other arrangements, United States corporations now control or decisively influence between 70 and 90 percent of the raw material resources of Latin America, and probably more than half of its modern manufacturing industry, banking, commerce, and foreign trade, as well as much of its public utilities." That high percentage of big business involvement and control means there are innumerable American families who will find disassociation from engagement in Latin America economically painful.

Our imperialism is also extending its neo-colonial tentacles into the social and political life. Latin American armed forces have been assimilated into the United States defense system under which participating countries receive advanced weapons and integrated training. Instruction includes ideology. The same old ruse of fighting "communist subversion" is being used to maintain the hemispheric status quo. And Latin American labor syndicates have been emasculated. Their leaders have been trained in our brand of trade unionism so expertly that they can easily be manipulated. The CIA, if Gary MacEoin is correct, is using the American Institute for Free Labor Development "to corrupt and control popular movements."

According to MacEoin, we have also invaded Latin American culture, finding it beneficial to integrate Latin American higher education with our own machinery for establishing academic standing. We can then employ the properly trained nationals in our international industrial complex, or drain off the brains where shortages exist at home. Also we have monopolized the mass media so that they may play their part in cultural colonialism; our insistent advertising sells both our products and our dollar-sign notions of human needs.

The penetration thus appears to be complete. But what is happening? In Panama, Peru and Bolivia, power has been seized by the armies "to protect the people from the exploitation of local oligarchs and their international business allies." Chile has gone the same road by means of a democratic election. All through the continent, suppressed nationalist elements are taking heart. Even though it may be a long wait, they are holding out to regain the control of their destinies. MacEoin sees a parallel here with the pacification program in Indochina: "the more total the penetration the more negative the results. Political scientists must, in the future, cite this experience as no less significant than that of the Vietnam war when they discuss the limits of power of the great."

**Virginia Freehafer**

**Coming:**

Reed Whittemore
reviews
*The Prison Diary of Ho Chi Minh*

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# Holy Hell Up to Date

## The Onion Eaters by J.P. Donleavy

(Delacorte Press; $7.95)

Clayton Claw Cleaver Clementine, a handsome, young man of about 30 who happens also to be a medical rarity sexually has been given Charnel Castle to live in while he recovers from a near fatal illness. From his native Chicago, he crosses the seas to a place very much like Ireland and a distant windswept moor on which stands the Charnel Castle. The castle is replete with tapestries and great hall and a staff of servants. Clementine protests that he cannot afford a staff, but they all shrug this off as a minor point, and Percival, "his man," shows him the well-stocked wine cellar and arranges for credit in the local shops. So the stage is set for a lusty carnival, a slapsticky romp that covers humanity from good to bawd.

Clementine's main problem is that guests keep arriving and he hasn't the heart (later it's the nerve) to send them away. First it's a party of four that by daylight turns out to have been a party of five – three oddestball scientists who eat raw onions, plus a large, hungry girl they've been teaching to sing baritone, and a driver who won't speak a word – then a pair of professional do-gooders, Mr. and Mrs. Lead Kindly Light, and the trio of ex-convicts they are saving, and then just when the parade of weirdos is getting to be a bit much, Donleavy brings in two of the best characters in the novel, Lord and Lady Macfugger.

Lord Jeffrey (Nails) Macfugger is nothing if not blunt, and those who prefer, like Lady Macfugger, to do their foul-mouthing in private will be put off. But once the reader gets beyond the preoccupation with genitalia (normal and gifted) and fellatio and accepts the book's basic fun-loving approach he may find, as I did, that the second half of the book is a pure delight – well, an impure delight anyway. I can remember four different scenes at which I laughed so hard that tears ran down my face.

The action is pure Donleavy and will delight his fans and create new ones. There's a sea chase in which the rescuers pass up the rescuees, a bull fight by accident, and a journey to town that would have made the Ginger Man proud. All of this madness, charged of course to Clementine's accounts, leads to one gigantic bash, a party to end all parties. As the book ends, Clementine-Donleavy ruminates on life: "Out there far away the world has gone modern. With whole new jumping generations. And holy hell is the only thing we have up to date here."

*The Onion Eaters* is no classic, and is not the book that *The Ginger Man* was, but it is a good book. It goes back to the traditional farce and perhaps even to the 18th century novels. Or am I thinking only of the film version of *Tom Jones*? Probably, because every time I encountered Lord Macfugger, all I could think of was that great, crazy face of Squire Weston. Macfugger shares that push-'em-in-the-haystack vitality. In fact, this book would make a grand comic film.

Some reviewers are going to knock this novel for its often too mannered and fake-Joycean prose style, and others will say that smut is smut no matter what the framework, but as for me, I just feel happy, as if an old friend had returned to town.

**John Greenya**

# Notable

## The World Without Women by Virgilio Martini Translated by Emile Capouya

(Dial Press; $5.95).

A fantasy written originally in Spanish and then Italian in the thirties – and now translated into English for, it would seem, the first time – evokes the world of 2000 and after, in which a superdisease hoked up by homosexuals to destroy womankind nearly does so. By 2029 only one female potentially capable of childbearing is left, and she is physically eleven years of age, having been put in a "cataleptic trance" nineteen years before. Her womb is successfully harnessed to the cause of restoring the human race, and at the end men have, in the Churchillean phrase, resumed their follies, have gone on "believing, or trying to convince others, that they thought, acted, worked, enriched themselves, prayed, studied, got excited, and killed one another for the Fatherland, for Civilization, for Religion, for Art, or for Science." The book's heavy nihilism – and consequent flipness about cataclysms – produces a few funny moments but will seem cold and callous to young readers in this age of apocalyptic feelings. It has had a history of being censored abroad, and the author suggests that the censorship was occasioned as much by its political satire (making fun of dictators in the time of Mussolini) as its obscenity; and certainly the latter seems tame now. It might better be censored for misanthrope than politics or sex; but, not censored, it stands as an unevenly provocative oddity in the current publishing scene.

## The Withering Rain by Thomas Whiteside

(Dutton; $6.95)

For a decade, a group of American pilots waged chemical-biological warfare on Vietnam until 12 percent of the country – an area as large as Massachusetts – had been defoliated. The enthusiasm with which the pilots carried out this work was summed up in their unit motto: "Only You Can Prevent Forests."

This blithely callous attitude, as Thomas Whiteside shows in *The Withering Rain*, was not limited to the spray-plane pilots. Far more serious was the conditioned insensitivity of government technocrats who refused to oppose defoliation even after legitimate research had demonstrated the fetus-deforming potential of a major herbicide used in South Vietnam. Scientists connected with the government defoliation project were both disdainful and suspicious of outside inquiries about defoliation; some of them seemed "to throw a mantle of science over them-

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selves and their work as some militarist might figuratively wrap himself in a flag." A government sponsored study warning of the dangers of defoliation might still be hidden from the public, writes Whiteside, had not a group of Nader's Raiders pried the information from the federal bureaucracy.

Defoliation, which began in Vietnam in 1961, had a dual purpose: to deny the enemy camouflage offered by vegetation along roads and canals, and to deny the enemy food. In carrying out the latter mission, American defoliation planes inevitably contaminated the primitive water supplies of South Vietnamese farmers. Pregnant Vietnamese women easily could have been exposed to the chemicals at 600 times the concentration considered safe for Americans under Interior Department guidelines. For every ton of rice denied the enemy under the program, it is estimated another 50 tons of rice were denied the civilian populace.

In the recently published Pentagon Papers, a high Defense Department official assessed America's real interest in helping the Vietnamese people as 10 percent of the overall rationale for our involvement in the war. After reading *The Withering Rain*, that figure seems much too generous.

## Baba
## By Arnold Schulman

(Viking; $5.95)

Baba can make it rain or stop raining. He can cure cancer. He performs miracles for a living, and the living is good: "there are fifteen hundred nonprofit religious corporations set up in India in Baba's name." Baba is thought by his followers to be God.

It was generous of Arnold Schulman to take six or seven weeks from his busy schedule – he had to put aside a $150,000 screenplay assignment – to go see God and write a book about Him. And when he arrived in Bangalore it was disturbing to have God play hard to get, which He did. But Schulman persisted and eventually the two came together. Schulman had been interested in religious things for some time; he had even once described himself as a Buddhist on a "routine questionnaire"; so he was willing to make certain sacrifices. And finally God gave him permission to write the book for which he had already signed a contract with a publisher and gone "to all the expense and trouble of coming halfway around the world" to carry through. So the story of Baba proper begins on page 124 (the book is 177 pages long), and in it we learn very little. Baba is a very big operator but so is Schulman; soon Hollywood is calling and they must part. Baba's final words are "I am in you. You are in me. We cannot be separated." And Schulman goes off to fulfill his contract. Among unbelievers this will appear as a most fraudulent book, but for the dustjacket blurb someone was found to say, "Arnold Schulman has written a miracle, photographed the invisible, incarnated ectoplasm in tangible words."

# Correspondence

## China Mission

*Sirs:*

Had Richard Dudman been less hasty when he interrogated me on the phone, his article "Waiting for That Visa to China" (July 3) might have been less misleading and less damaging to a number of distinguished citizens and to our efforts to organize our China Goodwill Mission. The misrepresentations include the following: 1) It was not Dr. Fruin (then in Japan on his student exchange business) but I who initiated the idea of a broadly-representative mission of private citizens when I asked him to explore the possibilities of an invitation to Peking through his somewhat unique contacts in the Orient. 2) Direction for our mission resides in Seattle, and not as implied, in Arizona or Nevada. I am Chairman of the Executive Committee. Mr. Amos Heacock (another businessman here) is Trustee of the bank account where an applicant's funds are deposited. The financial responsibility of the "obscure Dr. Fruin" has no bearing on our mission. Contracts with a stand-by aircraft are negotiated exclusively here, where four of the five board members of the contracting organization are located. 3) The allegation that Senators Wayne Morse and Ernest Gruening were invited after Senator Magnuson declined is absurd and false. 4) It was in an Oregon paper, not "through premature publicity in Seattle", that the incorrect impression was given that the Senators had any promotional responsibility. Dudman should know that I am the "registered representative of a brokerage firm." His "investment banker" may have been his poetic license, but was just another inaccuracy, probably misleading to your readers for good or ill. Mr. Heacock reported from Hong Kong on July 9 that he had made direct appeal to high authority in Peking for an opportunity to present our request in person. We continue to devote energy and money to a project we believe to be in the interests of the American people.

*John Stenhouse*
*Chairman*
*Executive Committee*
*China Goodwill Mission*

*Sirs:*

"Mr. Dudman misrepresented my relationship with the professionals and scientists who had expressed interest in an educational-scientific exchange with the People's Republic of China. Free trips for some delegates were offered during the earliest planning phase of the mission when a higher fare was contemplated to cover the expenses of youth, religious leaders, and professionals who did not have the personal resources to meet the costs of a China trip. This arrangement was dropped, the price reduced to a minimum, and plans to obtain community and private foundation support for the participants were contemplated. Mr. Dudman commented upon these plans in his St. Louis Post-Disptach article of June 6, 1971, and his failure to report these events in his *New Republic* articlehas raised questions about the integrity and character of many distinguished Americans which is wholly unjustified."

*James W. Prescott*
*President-elect*
*Maryland Psychological Association*

## Bayh's Record

*Sirs:*

Paul Wieck's article in your June 26 issue included specific examples of votes I have cast in the Senate. Several of those votes were reported erroneously.

First, for some unknown reason Mr. Wieck thinks that I "slipped over to the Administration's side" and voted against Senator Mansfield's amendment

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to cut troop levels in Europe. That simply is not the case. I have supported the Mansfield amendment on troop reductions in Europe since 1968, and I voted for the Mansfield amendment last month.

Second, I am reported to have voted against Senator Ralph Yarborough's "attempt to kill compulsory arbitration" in the course of the 1967 railroad dispute. In fact, while I did vote against a Yarborough amendment which would have impounded 10 percent of the railroads' profits during the period the panel's decision was in effect, I voted with Senator Yarborough in opposition to a compulsory settlement – as I always have.

Third, Mr. Wieck wrote that I was against "extending the life of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency." While I was paired against an amendment to increase the authorization beyond what the Senate Foreign Relations Committee had approved, and a proposal to substitute a three-year authorization for the two-year authorization already approved by the House, I supported a two-year authorization for the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency.

*Birch Bayh*
*United States Senator*

## TV News Editing

*Sirs:*

I do not wish to argue with Sedulus (*NR* July 10) about the merits of the CBS-Melvin Laird case concerning Mr. Laird's part in a special report on prisoners of war. However, since much of his column is concerned with television news editing – ". . . the tube news people wield the scissors wildly . . ." – I would like to comment on that aspect of the article.

As one who now "wields" the scissors in a Washington television station, and has done the same as a foreign editor for a Washington newspaper, I find his comments less than accurate and delivered with an uncharacteristic smugness.

It is no more honest to generalize about *all* newspapers or *all* magazines. There are serious differences in quality, intent and product within the industry, a point most people are willing to concede about all the forms of journalism.

Journalism is by definition an interpreting and editing function as well as a reporting function: the *Congressional Record* is not. TV newsfilm editors try and put the most important material in some logical form, the same premise on which print journalists work. Sedulus alleges that "the rationale for particular snippetry is seldom clear." Let's not waste any time with the perjorative "snippetry" tag. The rationale is clear to me and to my colleagues at other major stations and the networks – to present people with information that is important and newsworthy.

A byproduct of television editing is that it often makes a person more dynamic, logical, coherent and concise than he was, which is misrepresentation of a sort that may be more dangerous than the errors Sedulus alleges. A look at the transcript of unprepared remarks illustrates the point. The spoken word has a way of becoming tangled and complex. And the carefully prepared statement is often guilty of excessive length and meandering, as Congressional testimony tends to prove.

When I approach a story my interest is in editing it to do justice to what the subject said and to the context in which he said it. I try and keep my own biases in perspective so that the end result is fair and honest – what the print people like to call objectivity.

As Sedulus says one-hour speeches do get condensed – in a good many more places than just television. And in many instances the speech condensed for a regular newscast has been carried live on the same station. But at some point this argument becomes *ridiculous:* the same news judgements that dictate space allocations in *the New Republic* each week are operative in television news. I am still not familar with the media form that operates as an open-ended conduit for everything.

I make no claim that television news is perfect. But to imply as Sedulus does that television newsmen are not moti) I make no claim that television news is perfect. But to imply as Sedulus does that television newsmen are not motivated by the same honest compulsions that govern most journalists is to misrepresent the truth.

*Kenneth D. Tiven*
*Washington, DC*

## Arizona Water

*Sirs:*

When Peter Barnes described the thirst of Phoenix and Tucson for Colorado River water (July 3) he omitted an extremely important artifact, one that I am sure he heard many times in his investigation. Quite simply, both Arizona cities have *ample* water for the most optimistic projections of urban/suburban population growth and for light-industry development (electronics, sports gear, clothing). It is cotton and alfalfa that sucks the irrigation canals dry and lowers the water table.

When agricultural land is taken over for real estate subdivision, the water made available is sufficient to permit development of several times the acreage in nearby desert, in addition. Moreover, the price paid by the subdividers is irresistably higher than the cotton/alfalfa land value. Therefore, unless the lobbying power of agribusiness is allowed to distort the everyday economic decision process, Phoenix and Tucson can grow and prosper, with tourism and retirement and technology and light industry, without additional water. Power, yes – but water, they have!

*H. R. J. Grosch*
*Washington, DC*

## Kauffmann, *from page 26*

anything daring, the hundreds of letters they get demanding mere entertainment. He and the *Intendant,* Peter Palitzsch, are so fed up that they are leaving for Frankfurt at the end of next season.

I report that Berner says he and Stroux are leaving Düsseldorf for just the opposite reason – they're not radical enough to please. Wehmeier replies skeptically: "So he says."

Palitzsch joins us, a lean, energetic man with a frequent, quick smile. He was an assistant of Brecht's in East Berlin (as were several other men I've met). He has just come from a rehearsal of *Hölderlin,* a new play by Peter Weiss, the author of *Marat/Sade,* which deals with the corruption of revolution. Stuttgart will have the world premiere in early fall.

I ask Palitzsch what I know is an old question, still relevant, about the political efficacy of the theater. Can an instrument that grows out of a certain society change the society that is its source? He answers that he is not interested in direct propaganda but in providing a philosophic "model" in the theater. His chief dynamics is to fight the fascist influences he senses in Ger-

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man society. He makes quite clear that he doesn't mean Nazi: fascist with a small 'f'. For this he needs actors who are completely committed, not ones who are only professionals, however good. The actor can do no more than he is and must not do less. He will take some of his present company to Frankfurt, and has invited others. He hopes to build a philosophical-political theater, to play not only in the main Frankfurt playhouse but in workers' halls in the suburbs.

Despite his conviction, I am left feeling a bit depressed. I know this is because of my uncertain belief in political theater – my feeling that, one way or another, I've heard all this many times. Still, Palitzsch has heard it before, too. So, perhaps. . . .

*Munich.* *The Taming of the Shrew* at the Residenztheater is an "underplayed" production, modern and internal, lacking high spirits and a grasp of physical comedy. The sets are dull and based on a dull concept – turning leaves, like leaves of a book. But within its limits it's decently acted, and the director, Otto Schenk, has put a valid base under his view of the play: sex. When Petruchio and Katharine first see each other, there's a moment's sexy silence, as they are simultaneously struck, before the fights begin. It's a good sounding-board for the scrapping. At the end, when she "puts her hand beneath her husband's foot," he bends to the floor and kisses it. So Schenk's idea is completed. If only there were some juice in the show.

In a tiny basement theater "off Broadway" I see a two-character play "on motives from Jules Feiffer," with Gisela Hagenau and Sepp Holstein. The latter directed, imaginatively suggesting cartoon strips that deal with naturalism. Bernard and his girl eventually marry, have children, grow old, but still fence and "explain." There are only ten people in the audience, only eight of whom really understand German; but those eight enjoy themselves, so apparently the sex troubles of Feiffer's New Yorkers strike responses in Munich.

Joachim Kaiser is the widely respected theater critic of the *Süddeutsche Zeitung*. (Several German newspapers, like this Munich paper, are read nationally.) He writes about films and music as well, and he says that his readers seem much more concerned about music than theater. "If I say *Hamlet* has four acts instead of five, no letters. If I get wrong the key of a Bach duet, a dozen letters." But he indicates that the theater public's taste has sharpened in at least one way. The rise of university theaters has helped to train young actors, and the growing impact of TV – which, he says, is usually decently acted, whatever else may be wrong with it – has made even provincial audiences more demanding of actors.

And, of course, the organization of the German theater makes it possible for at least some young actors to work steadily. How do newcomers get in? I ask. Kaiser says there are auditions. If a young actor is unlucky, he gets taken on by a big theater, and ten years later may still be playing small parts. If he gets taken by a provincial theater, he may soon get to play good parts and can work his way up to a big theater.

I heard the name of Karl Valentin a few weeks ago for the first time. He was a Munich carbaret comedian, tall and gangly, whom the city adored and whom intellectuals took very seriously. He died some 20 years ago. Wandering about Munich, I come to a surviving tower of the old city wall, which has been made into a Karl Valentin Museum. I go up the narrow winding stairs to a room filled with photographs, old comic props, programs, and a phonograph to play Valentin recordings. Everything to keep this man from dying.

And today I see a review of a new "opera-sketch" about Valentin, in which he's hailed as a spiritual ancestor of Beckett and Ionesco. I wonder whether those authors ever saw him. Anyway, I feel I've stumbled on something good that, paradoxically, I'll never know.

*Berlin.* Theater in West Berlin is pretty well over for the season by the time I get here. Biggest disappointment: I won't see the most discussed play in Germany, Peter Stein's production of Ibsen's *Peer Gynt* at the Schaubühne am Halleschen Ufer. This is a Maoist theater so, naturally, it cannot be in the East; but curiously it's subsidized by the West.

So, across the Wall to the jewel in East Germany's theater crown, the Berliner Ensemble. I see their production of Brecht's *Arturo Ui*, a play I dislike. First, its pattern – a Chicago-gangster parable about the rise of Hitler – is predictable after the first few minutes. Second, it's historically vicious; it says that Hitler and pals were gangsters who muscled in on Germany. As if there had never been a cheer or a vote for the Nazis. Besides, there is something grimly funny about seeing a parable about machine-gunning politicians in a city where you can also see soldiers on street-corners with submachine guns. But the production, first done in 1959, directed by Manfred Wekwerth and Peter Palitzsch is crackling and fine. Ekkehard Schall (Brecht's son-in-law) is as magnificent as reported – a man whose body is as good a comic instrument as any I've seen since the films of Keaton. Schall is said to spend two hours a day training. Not rehearsing, training. Rehearsals are something else.

Benno Besson, artistic director of the *Volksbühne* in East Berlin, is a French Swiss who looks like an older Jean-Louis Trintignant. He used to work with Brecht, collaborated on an adaptation with him, and has been at the *Volksbühne* for four years. He reports that in the East, young people are very interested in the theater. Contradictorily, few of them want to become actors – although he says there are three good acting schools, in (East) Berlin, Dresden, and Babelsberg.

Predictably, Besson says that his audience is intellectually sharp but esthetically retrograde. Avant-garde theater is unknown. Criticism is bad. No interesting new playwrights – yet.

He adds four new productions to the repertoire each year, two of which he himself directs. Why does he choose to work here? His answer parallels answers I've heard from film directors in the Soviet bloc. There are restrictions, but so long as one is in favor, there are enormous resources and facilities. The balance comes out the same as in the West, he says, although the specifics are different. Besides, he likes the idea of working in a community, with an audience that shares certain beliefs and attitudes. He has missed this very much when he has worked in the West.

*Fiddler on the Roof*, at the Komische Oper (East Berlin) was directed by the legendary Walter Felsenstein. A Berlin friend who knows Felsenstein's work well, is as dismayed as I am by *Fiddler*, says he can't understand why Felsenstein wanted to do it, and that I mustn't judge him by this production. OK. But it certainly made the Robbins-Mostel show on Broadway look even better in retrospect. *Fiddler* needs a Robbins and a Mostel to be bearable, let alone enjoyable.

I found no Parnassus in the (West) German theater, but I didn't expect one. What I did find was a rather nice love-hate relation between that theater and its intelligent public. That public is irritated, impatient, sometimes bored; but

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would, I think, be terrified if the theater were to disappear. Meanwhile, if only by rote, each city of any size pays to keep a theater or theaters going; and so at least provides a continuum; and an *occasion* for possibility.

The Berlin Film Festival is going on and I've seen (at least parts of) five pictures. Two, from Austria and Norway, were the usual festival art-bores. Countries that don't make many films seem to pick up first on peripheral mannerisms, rather than going for any kind of center.

Robert Bresson's new film, *Four Nights of a Dreamer*, is Dostoevsky transposed to Paris today, like his last film, *Une Femme Douce*. And like that film, this one (based on *White Nights*) is beautifully made but is held at arm's length from us.

Kon Ichikawa, the Japanese director who has done some fine work, has come up with a disaster. *To Love Again* is about a French boy and a Japanese girl – out of *Hiroshima Mon Amour* by *Love Story* and, I hope, straight into oblivion.

The pleasant surprise is an American film, the first directed by the playwright Frank D. Gilroy, called *Desperate Characters*. The same theme as Feiffer's *Little Murders*, handled quite differently. I'll save extended comment for its US opening, but its quality gave the Festival a nice lift when it was sagging.

On to Paris and London.

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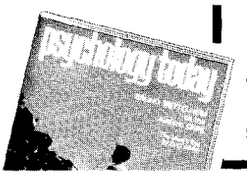


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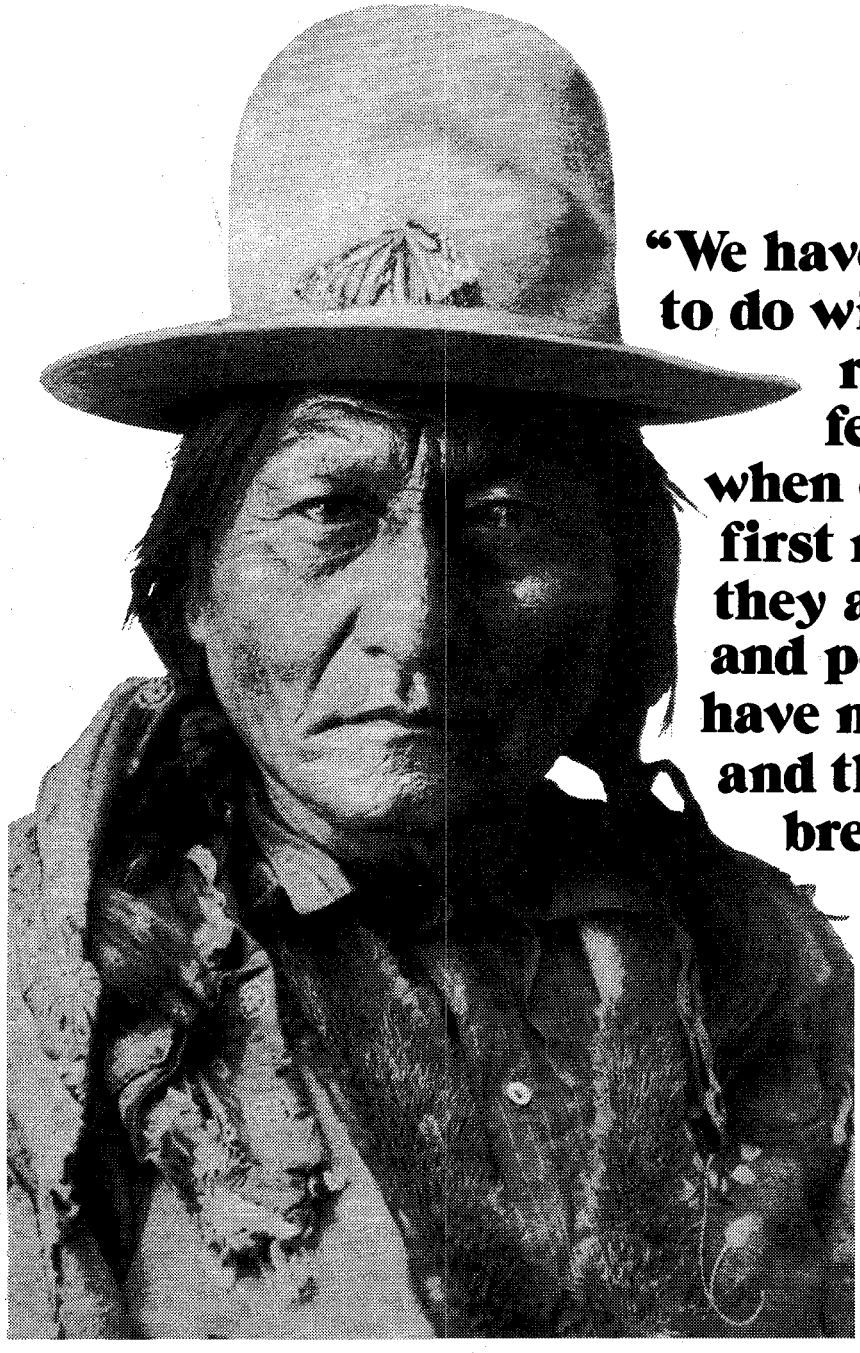

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*—Tatanka Yotanka (Sitting Bull), Hunkpapa Sioux, 1834–1890* —from the article "Indian Oratory" in the August issue of EARTH Magazine.

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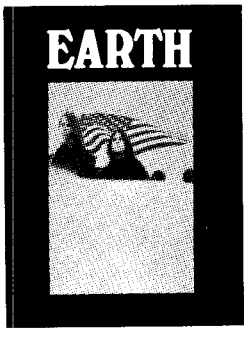


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